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COMMON FOLKS.

BY GEORGE W. SUNDAY.

The man who earns with honest labor
The daily bread his natures needs,
Is not "mechanic" his lordly neighbor
Who lives by reaping others' deeds.
The human heart beats like a brother,
When a good life is crowned with deeds.

All Nature's forces work together,
The winds and waters, sea and shade,
The change of seasons and the weather,
All hail the men of toil and trade;
God bless the men who delve and labor,
Sing near his evil their serenade.

On farm and mill, where flocks are bleating,
In shop and mill, and forge and shade,
Wherever honest hearts are beating,
We love them in work of hand or head,
The Common Folks feel honor greeting,
And honor comes to all instead.

For Nations be the loving mother
Of all the rare, though stained with sin;
The peasant is the prince's brother,
The lackey to the king is kin:
Each serves the other one another.
True manhood, deeper than the skin.

The ocean tides are ever flowing,
The restless winds the waves compel;
The modest grass is ever growing,
Unwearied every clime the soil,
The sun and stars, for ever glowing,
Speak to us trust in Heaven and toil.

KATE ARLINGTON;

OR,

The Buccaneer's Bridal.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUCCANEER MAKES A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

Upon landing on the vessel's deck from his boat, Barker Dixon had conducted his fair captive at once to the commodious cabin within, and directed her to descend, while he attended to matters which required a few moments of his immediate supervision. Thus Dolores Rose went down into the cabin, greatly troubled with various apprehensions for comfort and comfort, and there she found and looked around. A sofa-like seat, broad and upholstered in crimson velvet, extended all the way around the cabin, while upon the two sides were large easy chairs set between the doors of the state-rooms. Against the bulkhead was the cabin table, upon either side of which was a seat running forward, and under the table were ponderous camp stools for use at meal-times. Above the bulkhead were racks for arms, and over the doors which led to the several state-rooms were lockers for swords, pistols, cutlasses, and other weapons.

Dolores Rose sank down upon the sofa, and looked around. A sofa-like seat, broad and upholstered in crimson velvet, extended all the way around the cabin, while upon the two sides were large easy chairs set between the doors of the state-rooms. Against the bulkhead was the cabin table, upon either side of which was a seat running forward, and under the table were ponderous camp stools for use at meal-times. Above the bulkhead were racks for arms, and over the doors which led to the several state-rooms were lockers for swords, pistols, cutlasses, and other weapons.

Dolores Rose sank down upon the sofa, and looked around. She was startled by the large number of doors which opened into the several state-rooms, and she wondered how many persons there were on board the vessel. She had been told that there were a large number, but she had not supposed that there were so many. She found herself surrounded by evidences of wealth and luxury, and she could not but wonder how it was that a man who could command such resources should be a buccaneer. She had been told that the vessel was a pirate, and she had been told that the captain was a pirate, but she could not realize it. She could not believe that the man who had treated her with such delicacy and respect could be a pirate.

Kate surveyed the premises carefully, and then sat down in one of the chairs, and gazed intently upon a spot in the carpet. This spot was to her mind the problem of her present situation, and it also could not wholly solve it. Her mind was filled with too many conflicting emotions. She gazed upon the spot until she seemed to have exhausted its fund of propensities, and then she bowed her head upon her hand. Whether it was the knowledge that Dixon was present on board the vessel, or whether she had faith in her own powers of resistance, or whether it was ego, we cannot say; but sure it is that she was calm and collected, and, unlike woman in general, her emotions were under the control of her reason. Let it not be supposed that she was without agitation. She was agitated deeply, and her emotions had been stirred to unusual and rebellious depths. She had been pale and flushed by turns, and her heart had throbbed with a force that had considered the situation. But in that she had conquered. Sense had gained the mastery, and her strong emotions were in abeyance. There was a sufficiency of the spirit of the Arlingtons to have given her strength in such an hour of need.

At length a step was heard upon the companion ladder, and presently afterward Barker Dixon entered the cabin and took a seat by the door of the port-quarter, and removed his cap, and stood clad in an undress uniform not unlike the dress uniform of line officers of the line. And he was by no means an ill-looking man. Many a high-born dame of dazzled would have called him handsome; and for a mere physical man he was handsome. His broad, well-shaped face, with its clear complexion, its full, red lips, and its dark manly beard and eyes, and its look of conquest and masterly frame, gave token of wonderful physical power. As we have intimated before, there was a dangerous look in his eyes, and there was also about him a hardened firmness in the broad, square jaw.

For some moments Dixon stood and looked upon the lady before she ventured to return his gaze. Then he took a few steps forward, and the color deepened in her face with her hands, and it was only after a severe struggle that she could force her eyes to his face.

"Kate," he said, speaking very kindly, "you need not fear, for I certainly will do you no harm."

Again the captive bowed her head, as though the glance from those black eyes pained her, and the buccaneer continued: "I feel that I owe you much kindness, for you are calm, and the terror that had held her in a quiver had given place to the firmness of determination. She spoke, and her voice was low, and under perfect control.

"Captain Dixon, we are not utterly strangers. You know something of me and mine, and I know something of you. You tell me that I have nothing to fear, and that occasion have I for hope? You tell me that you mean me no harm. What do you mean when you say this?"

Dixon looked on a camp stool, and sat down as that he could rest his elbow upon the table.

"That which is, after he was seated, "is as you are, pleased to look at it. Things are good or bad as we have a mind to take them. If I never smiled except with a right fair wind, I should be a sad man indeed. But I smile, I don't look at it in that way. If the wind is ahead I lie as near to it as I can, and by judicious tacking I work my account it, even to making a point in its very eye.—In short, my experience in life has taught me to make the best of what offers itself to me.

"I did not know that you were a philosopher," said Kate.

"I first turned philosopher," replied Dixon, "when your father refused me his hand, even though I was a lord blue."

"He could not bring himself to a man of your ability."

"You misunderstand me, dear lady. The blue came not in the loss of my ship, but in the loss of my Kate!"

And now Dixon took to repair the blow by this reproach.

"You might have found another wife in fewer words."

"Rather Dixon," said Kate, quickly, and with much feeling, "let us understand one another at the outset. You have captured me, and forced me from my home. Is this in accordance with your desire or has it reference to simply to myself?"

"Considering all that has happened," returned Dixon, with varying light in his eye, "I shouldn't be sorry to see your father after; but the thought of revenge is the last motive that had place in this work. I have captured you for myself alone."

"And what do you mean to do with me?"

"I mean, if possible, to make you my wife."

Kate did not start at this. She gazed into into the man's face, and when she found his countenance was tenderly open, she dropped her head, and reflected.

"Dixon," she continued, after a pause, "do you not know that I suppose you would be my wife unless I freely consent; and in that case I learned to look upon you as my own."

"Did I ever promise to be your wife?" she asked, looking him again in the face.

"That depends upon what you call a promise. You accepted my attentions, and were not displeased with them."

"And yet, even at that time, though I gave you not then as I knew you afterward, had you asked me for my hand, I should have told you, No. Your attentions and your presents were only what I might have properly received from any true man of my father's station."

"Very well," said Dixon, with a touch of his former quiltiness—we won't dispute about that just now. These things are gone. The present will afford us more than enough to occupy our minds. Let us look to that."

"Very well, then," responded Kate, seeming to catch the dogged spirit of her captor. "Let it be of the present. You say you mean to make me your wife?"

"Yes."

"Barker Dixon, you have declared that no spirit of revenge actuated you in this. Now you can put hope to gain by seeking as a wife one who can never love you, but to whom you loathe and despise you if you force unhappiness upon her?"

"I said," replied the Captain, with a vivid flash of fire, "that I did not seek revenge; but I think I intimated, at the same time, that I should not be balked in my love."

A little silence followed, during which Kate again looked upon the old spot in the carpet. The magnitude of the problem was becoming more definite.

"You said," at length resumed Dixon, "that we should understand one another. I am willing to put the whole thing into a very few words. In the first place, however, you will understand that I have taken you for myself alone. You will understand, too, that, if you will let me, I will love you still."

"But suppose I cannot love you in return? Suppose your very presence of love should make me hate you? What satisfaction then could you find in holding me for your wife?"

Dixon began his captive's glittering, piercing glance, and an expression of triumph curled his lip as he answered:

"That is the very point. I will tell you. Miss Arlington, you and I have told it you will say, I am frank, at all events. You know, as well as I know, that more than half the marriages in high life have a foundation in money more than in love, and that many of them are mere matters of business and convenience. I don't profess to be better than my kind. I am not ashamed, and I shall get more of many years, I have concluded to marry you."

Kate gazed upon the speaker in blank astonishment.

"You are beside yourself," she said. "My money is in my father's hands, and you know well that he would never settle it in any way into your possession."

"Miss Kate, if you are honest in this you are very much mistaken. I know all about your father's affairs. I know what he is worth. I know—"

"You will remember that I knew your uncle Nathan very well, and you should know that I was one of the witnesses to his will. Nathan Dexter, by that will, left to you over two hundred thousand dollars, which is to come into your possession when you are twenty-one. He left to my father employment in the business, and left to my brother Jack an interest in the business, and will to equal when you are twenty-one years of age. He would probably have made the fortune come into your possession upon the event of your marriage had it been for the claim of your brother. As he left you and Orville equal shares, and as he knew that you could not well bring the young man into possession until he was one and twenty, he concluded to trust both alike. So, my dear Kate, you see if I can persuade you to become my wife, I shall gain that for which many a man has done worse things than I am doing. You will be twenty-one in six months, and if you are living at that time your fortune will be yours, and you can do with it as you please. You can give it to pretzels. Only your husband will be able to share with you in the blessing! Do you understand the matter now?"

Kate looked down once more upon the intricate figure in the carpet, and the problem was more definite and comprehensible. It was also looked down into Dixon's face, and she saw reflected there a determination which she knew was not to be broken or overcome by argument or entreaty. In those few moments she made up her mind, and the thought to some purpose. Her thoughts were also stimulated by the dreams of the future which had the occasion thereof gave consideration. She had been told that her fortune was completed in this manner; and there was another in his power. She thought of those words which she had heard Dixon speak. She must look to her own preservation, and she must shield her father from the wrath of Dixon.

"What do you think about it?" asked Dixon, as he saw that the lady had turned the point of his fair captive for a full minute in silence.

"I am thinking," she replied, "that you already take very much for granted in this information. You are commander of this vessel?"

"I am."

"You are not engaged in honest trade?"

"No; I am engaged in all I can get. I am not as the world goes."

"Nor was my uncle."

"No, and many were our fathers when they took their country we now call ours. The weak who can never have you, try to make you like and despise you if you force unhappiness upon her?"

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KATE ARLINGTON AND BARKER DIXON THE BUCCANEER.

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piracy upon the high seas means rapine and murder. The appliances of the freebooter are for the shedding of blood, and whatever may be the will of the captors touching the final disposition of the crew of a prize, human life is as nothing if it stand in the way of the possession.

And to think that the dreaded pirate had been lying in Boston harbor, and that for days I had been rubbing elbows with him in the ways of the metropolis! And to think, further, that the pirate chieftain had cut out a prize more valuable than any ship that ever sailed from the very garden of a Boston merchant! And to think that he, a physician of repute in the city, with many patients upon his books, should have treated the pirate, and have healed his most bitter foe! Fain would even the thoughts were whistling and straining, but at length he received his presence of mind, and faced the pirate chief with a bold front. He was not impudent, and he made no sign of bombast. He was a brave, cool man, and he wished to know the truth.

"Captain Dixon," he said, "it is time I should know the circumstances on board the vessel. Will you enlighten me?"

"First and foremost," replied Dixon, with blunt frankness, "we were sadly in need of a surgeon. Of course the chances of hiring a competent man of that profession were many. We knew that you would be found with Miss Arlington,—and you probably can't point that way,—as we determined to secure you, and we did. That is the whole story. We meant you to have in any way or manner. Had you been else than a physician we should have dropped you where we found you; and we might have left you with an ache in your head. And now, Doctor, if you will give us the benefit of your skill, you shall find yourself to be well quartered. Your position will be an honorable one, and your pay shall be ample."

"And what of Miss Arlington?" asked Gaston, with a strong hold upon his emotions.

The pirate looked him squarely in the face, and his dark eyes gleamed with a firm and steady light.

Thomas Gaston," he said, in low, measured tones, "you are a brave man. You have had your court in the Arlington, I had looked upon her as one who was to become my wife. I am going to make her my wife if I can. She is rich from all harm—safe from all save love. If you will take the advice of a man who bears you no malice, and who would save you from needless sorrow, you will seek no interference in this. Some things might be done, but I assure you that other things might make no favorable issue."

Gaston could think quickly where there was need. His profession was one that required just that method of thought; and he not only possessed the quality by nature, but he had cultivated it by practice. In the present instance he saw that he must act with discretion, and command even his inmost feelings. He was somebody any longer in the power of the pirate, and if he would help himself, or help Kate, he must be master, at least, of his own volition. A show of opposition, or an expression of his deeper feelings, would be worse than useless. He must be governed by following the dictates of such humanity as should be left to the ruling genius of the strange crew. It was not a question of what he should accept the situation; but whether, the situation having been forced upon him, he should make the best of it. And, further, it might be of service to communicate to others he might gain individual friends. This last, he could not do at once, if at all; but he could bide his time, and see how soon the truth of the proposition was to be proved. Third, in his cool hour of reason there was the thought, or, at least, the most direct hope,—lay in the confidence and trust of the freebooters. While he could gain nothing by exciting their animosity, he might gain much by securing their good opinion. Fourth, and last,—if he could not help Kate, he could, at least, be near her, to succor her in her emotions. Until he could see his way clearly, he must keep all of these things steadily in his mind. It was a terrible burden of ourself,—a torturing theme of conjecture,—a dead reckoning as long as life and hope existed.

Dixon saw that Gaston awaited his answer, and he felt that his entire confidence should be paid.

"I am your prisoner, sir, and not of your crew. If men are sick and suffering, and I can help them, I shall not withhold my services because I am held as a prisoner. While I am held I shall neither ask employment at any profession that is remote from my skill; but I shall claim the hope that my seizure with you may be set aside."

Dixon was gratified by the answer; and it may be that he was somewhat deceived by the doctor's frankness.

"Your wish shall be. "I think we understand enough for the present.—You have not eaten your breakfast yet?"

"No."

"Get that, and then we will find a case for you. One of our best men is in a bad way."

"Sick, is he?"

"He has a bullet in his somewhere. D'you think you can help him?"

"You thought he could cry; and the prospect of a surgical operation, calling into action his professional sympathies, was a great relief to him. After this he followed the boatswain down into the steerage, where the hammocks had been removed, and the table set; and there he was introduced to the ship's gunner, Edmund Gunsby, and to Mark Snow, the mate, who had charge also to the first mate, whose name was Jack Gunter. This latter officer was a stout, round-shouldered man, of middle age; with a sandy complexion; stiff, coarse, crisp sandy hair; and not a very pleasant man to look upon. Snow and Jack had been left to select the most accomplished of the crew to be put in charge of the prize taken Jack Tharp. He was evidently the master spirit among the pirates, and our hero afterward learned that he had been engaged in the profession from his youth up, and in the matter of command he had given way to Dixon because the latter was by far the better navigator, and possessed the most knowledge of the subject. But they seemed to be friends, and, even jolly, when he tried, and in this present occasion he sought to make himself agreeable to the new-comer.

Gaston also learned, in the course of conversation, that the two mates, or lieutenants, had formerly quarrelled in the cabin, but had given up their state-rooms to the captain for the time that he should remain.

It was near the middle of the forenoon when the meal was concluded, and Gaston had been signified his readiness to attend to the sick man.

"Say, Doctor," cried old Gurney, with friendly interest, "you'll help poor Luke if it can be done. He's a good man, and we love him. He's my mate, and he and I have sailed together for a long while. Isn't that so, Snow?"

"Grant fails the truth," said Wade, as he led the way through from the steerage to the open part of the berth deck. "Luke Gunter's one of my very best. He's a—a—a—Hello! Luke, here's the new doctor come to see you."

Gaston found the sufferer to be a heavily framed man, of about forty, and worn away almost to a skeleton. His face was pallid and blue; his hair golden, and slightly curling; and despite the ravages of disease, his face gave token of native good-nature and cousiness. He was evidently one whom adverse circumstance had stranded upon the coldest of current, and not a man who had made a career.

"Is Dr. Snow my lad,—is that you?" asked the invalid, turning his head to look.

"It's me and the doctor," replied the boatswain.

"I don't think it's any use, boys. I'm done for. If you only knew how I'd suffered! I've been hurtin' up?"

"Where is the burning?" asked Gaston, bending over the hanging cot.

The man caught the sound of the strange voice, and tried to lift himself upon his elbow, but was too weak to do it.

"So you the doctor?"

"I am the doctor," said Gaston, kindly. He was interested in the man, and was determined to do what he could. And Luke Gunbar's ear was quick to catch the friendly note, and his manner gave token of his success.

"Do you think ye can help me? Oh! I don't want to die here. I ain't afeard of death, and knows—not the right kind o' death,—but I don't want to die here."

"Take it easy, my good man, and I'll do what I can. Let me first see how you wound here."

The man had been wounded by a musket ball in the lower part of the abdomen. Those who had examined the wound shortly after it had been made, had declared that the bullet had penetrated to the lung, and that death was only a question of time. That had been almost a month before, and yet Gunbar had lived on, though his sufferings had been great, and his failure of strength rapid.

Gaston examined the wound in the bosom, and found it healing.

"If I had my instruments," he said, "I might at least find the depth of the wound; but I am powerless without them."

"Ye can't do nothin' extraordinary," said Wade, "some that we captured from a Frenchman down off the Windward Passage. Best I ever seen."

Gaston answered in the affirmative, and on the following morning, at exactly eight bells, he had upon a mess chest near the hammock, and in the open air, his surgical instruments, with professional satisfaction and pride as he did so. Many of the finest and most delicately contrived surgical instruments as he had ever seen were there, and he felt that he was in no danger of losing his own. The instruments, as well as the velvet-lined rosewood cases, had been taken out of one of the very best Paris makers.

"Are you ready?" asked Wade.

"Good!" answered Gaston, heartily, as he selected a probe and a pair of small dressing-forceps, and a couple of feather probes.

Gunbar was the first patient of the sufferer, and true brave was Luke Arlington, I had looked upon her as one who was to become my wife. I am going to make her my wife if I can. She is safe from all harm—safe from all save love. If you will take the advice of a man who bears you no malice, and who would save you from needless sorrow, you will seek no interference in this. Some things might be done, but I assure you that other things might make no favorable issue."

Gaston could think quickly where there was need. His profession was one that required just that method of thought; and he not only possessed the quality by nature, but he had cultivated it by practice. In the present instance he saw that he must act with discretion, and command even his inmost feelings. He was somebody any longer in the power of the pirate, and if he would help himself, or help Kate, he must be master, at least, of his own volition. A show of opposition, or an expression of his deeper feelings, would be worse than useless. He must be governed by following the dictates of such humanity as should be left to the ruling genius of the strange crew. It was not a question of what he should accept the situation; but whether, the situation having been forced upon him, he should make the best of it. And, further, it might be of service to communicate to others he might gain individual friends. This last, he could not do at once, if at all; but he could bide his time, and see how soon the truth of the proposition was to be proved. Third, in his cool hour of reason there was the thought, or, at least, the most direct hope,—lay in the confidence and trust of the freebooters. While he could gain nothing by exciting their animosity, he might gain much by securing their good opinion. Fourth, and last,—if he could not help Kate, he could, at least, be near her, to succor her in her emotions. Until he could see his way clearly, he must keep all of these things steadily in his mind. It was a terrible burden of ourself,—a torturing theme of conjecture,—a dead reckoning as long as life and hope existed.

Dixon saw that Gaston awaited his answer, and he felt that his entire confidence should be paid.

"I am your prisoner, sir, and not of your crew. If men are sick and suffering, and I can help them, I shall not withhold my services because I am held as a prisoner. While I am held I shall neither ask employment at any profession that is remote from my skill; but I shall claim the hope that my seizure with you may be set aside."

Dixon was gratified by the answer; and it may be that he was somewhat deceived by the doctor's frankness.

"Your wish shall be. "I think we understand enough for the present.—You have not eaten your breakfast yet?"

"No."

"Get that, and then we will find a case for you. One of our best men is in a bad way."

"Sick, is he?"

"He has a bullet in him somewhere. D'you think you can help him?"

"You thought he could cry; and the prospect of a surgical operation, calling into action his professional sympathies, was a great relief to him. After this he followed the boatswain down into the steerage, where the hammocks had been removed, and the table set; and there he was introduced to the ship's gunner, Edmund Gunsby, and to Mark Snow, the mate, who had charge also to the first mate, whose name was Jack Gunter. This latter officer was a stout, round-shouldered man, of middle age; with a sandy complexion; stiff, coarse, crisp sandy hair; and not a very pleasant man to look upon. Snow and Jack had been left to select the most accomplished of the crew to be put in charge of the prize taken Jack Tharp. He was evidently the master spirit among the pirates, and our hero afterward learned that he had been engaged in the profession from his youth up, and in the matter of command he had given way to Dixon because the latter was by far the better navigator, and possessed the most knowledge of the subject. But they seemed to be friends, and, even jolly, when he tried, and in this present occasion he sought to make himself agreeable to the new-comer.

Gaston also learned, in the course of conversation, that the two mates, or lieutenants, had formerly quarrelled in the cabin, but had given up their state-rooms to the captain for the time that he should remain.

It was near the middle of the forenoon when the meal was concluded, and Gaston been signified his readiness to attend to the sick man.

"Say, Doctor," cried old Gurney, with friendly interest, "you'll help poor Luke if it can be done. He's a good man, and we love him. He's my mate, and he and I have sailed together for a long while. Isn't that so, Snow?"

"Grant fails the truth," said Wade, as he led the way through from the steerage to the open part of the berth deck. "Luke Gunter's one of my very best. He's a—a—a—Hello! Luke, here's the new doctor come to see you."

Gaston found the sufferer to be a heavily framed man, of about forty, and worn away almost to a skeleton. His face was pallid and blue; his hair golden, and slightly curling; and despite the ravages of disease, his face gave token of native good-nature and cousiness. He was evidently one whom adverse circumstance had stranded upon the coldest of current, and not a man who had made a career.

"Is Dr. Snow my lad,—is that you?" asked the invalid, turning his head to look.

"It's me and the doctor," replied the boatswain.

"I don't think it's any use, boys. I'm done for. If you only knew how I'd suffered! I've been hurtin' up?"

"Where is the burning?" asked Gaston, bending over the hanging cot.

The man caught the sound of the strange voice, and tried to lift himself upon his elbow, but was too weak to do it.

"So you the doctor?"

"I am the doctor," said Gaston, kindly. He was interested in the man, and was determined to do what he could. And Luke Gunbar's ear was quick to catch the friendly note, and his manner gave token of his success.

"Do you think ye can help me? Oh! I don't want to die here. I ain't afeard of death, and knows—not the right kind o' death,—but I don't want to die here."

"Take it easy, my good man, and I'll do what I can. Let me first see how you wound here."

The man had been wounded by a musket ball in the lower part of the abdomen. Those who had examined the wound shortly after it had been made, had declared that the bullet had penetrated to the lung, and that death was only a question of time. That had been almost a month before, and yet Gunbar had lived on, though his sufferings had been great, and his failure of strength rapid.

Gaston examined the wound in the bosom, and found it healing.

"If I had my instruments," he said, "I might at least find the depth of the wound; but I am powerless without them."

"They're extraordinary," said Wade, "some that we captured from a Frenchman down off the Windward Passage. Best I ever seen."

Gaston answered in the affirmative, and on the following morning, exactly at

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE REJUVENATED.

BY EMMA ALICIA BROWNE.

* * * Far on her tattered mountain height,
* * * Her rocky throne of storm and night,
Nevada bathed the mists of morning
The ruins of her age of gold,
With forms of fine remembered arts,
Shaped to the grace of perfect things,
That vanished in the years of dross
That smoldered in the crypts of Hugo.

Across the curtains uneven lair
That crept with sacrilegious
The shadows of the pyramids
That crowned the Egyptian tombs;
Through gorges of spice- and precious woods,
Blew winds the crawling caravan,
Red Simoon against a burning blaze,
Fir to the south a black tent-range,
Of camels, like a line of ships
Plunging and soaring eternal changes
As in a dream, their empires rise
Shadows of thrones, and peoples dead;
While the stupendous desert lies,
And wraps their realms from foot to head,
Yet still their mortal tablets shine,
Their sculptured forms, their lines
When face-framed with gems divine
Palm-shaded Nilus, winding slow,
Bearing a haunted purple sail,
That mirrored the tales of Orient isles
Of Ophir, Ind, and Cytherean vales,
Dashed in Greek sunny waters
And Science, from the mystic page
That chronicled those ages vast,
Reclothes the poet, priest and sage
In the old forms of Thought and Speech
Wrought with the ancient Cyclic kings.
Her pulses thrilled with life and light,
Her heart throbbed universal rapture,
From out the mists of enchanted Night.

Her altars smoke, her seats rise,
Her burning myrrhs love or hate,
Her Sphinx is wakened from sleep,
Wets out the hidden eyes of Fate,
And stirs the jubilee Pharaohs hid
In those receptacles of the dead
Break from the monolithic cells
Where they have lain all unconscious!

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE RAINBOW MYSTERY," "THE DARK DAUGHTER," "THE MYSTERIOUS LEGACY," "THE DARK HABIT," "THE LIVING SHADOW," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SECRETARY HIDDEN.

The farm known as The Cypresses, the only leveled property of Darrel Moor's estate, was the nearer known, a recent gift to him from his father, and was situated in the heart of a fine north-country district, fertile and picturesque, and is so lonely and secluded as to be ill situated in the light of the Sabbath.

Such a gift from the noble and wealthy Baron Waldemar seemed strongly of satire and irony.

All supposed it for a radius of many miles an dismal and dreary farm, where the very soil was so poor as to be pregnant with malice. The house, and the farm had been drained, and afforded excellent pasturage for the numerous cattle crowding in the fields, the farmer's low stone house is upon this drained knoll.

The remaining fourth of the two hundred acres was a dismal swamp, overgrown with rank grass and coarse sedges, where the unreclaimed trees dotted its surface, and as the outermost boundary, which had enclosed the property of other owners, was a thick grove of willows and cypress trees, this swamp so far predominating as to give a funereal aspect as well as a dismal one.

In the midst of the grove of cypresses, appropriately, was the family burial-place, a lot set in by a stone wall from the farmer's cottage near from the public road, was the house. It was an ordinary farm-house, built of rough stone, two stories in height—a square box with a break in the middle, and a projection in front of rectangular charge, save what possessed the dignity of a porch, and a few outbuildings completed the group.

The whole place was surrounded by a high wall of the rough stone, which had been brought from the outside for years. It had been for a long time considered haunted, and the reputation of having haunted spirits had more than compared in the grim old dwelling, and the horror of the neighborhood in the place still, and it was abandoned and feared by all the people of the country side.

Even the unlettered farmer who lived at the farm refused to live in the house, and preferred to erect a cottage for himself near the entrance of the grounds.

This dwelling was the place to which Darrel Moor had been sent by his father to live and to study. It was in one of the low front rooms under the steep, overhanging roof, that young Honor Gline had been summoned by Bing and his assistants.

The child, being himself down upon one of the high-backed settles in the low ancient kitchen before a roaring wood fire, whose warmth and light filled all the room, while Bing, standing before the open door, with a rough bear-skin coat with the hairy side in, the stable yard, to care for the horses, and Miss Bing busied herself to prepare breakfast for the newly arrived guest.

It was very early, and the rain was falling with a steady dreariness, promising to continue through the entire day.

Miss Bing was a spare table and per-conceded to lay the covers. She lighted a candle and went to the adjoining pantry, coming out quickly with a dish in her hand, upon which was a single cooked fowl. She cautiously plated the interesting object in the grossest manner, and as it had been some dangerous explosive.

"Look at that!" she exclaimed, extending the dish at arm's length, and adjusting her spectacles that she might command a better view of it, "as sure as that, I say, I would almost think I had lost my senses. Perhaps I'm getting blind."

"Why, what is it?" said the valet, as the fowl's a decent specimen of its kind. Have you seen a ghost, Judith?"

"Not yet, but I think I'm going!" said Miss Bing, in a weighty manner. "Yesterday there went two fowls upon this that dish by side. I counted them for a spectacle of great curiosity. I saw them before I went to bed in my room and counted them as one is good. Whose is it? Whose is it, I say?"

"How should I know?" demanded Bing Judith. "I have no spectacles of my own, my dear quarter. Probably Jacob got hungry in the night and killed it up."

Miss Bing shook her head incredulously.

"I'll not believe it of Jacob myself," she said. "I know him, and don't let up until I called him. She went to the outer door, and, Walter, the human being carried off that fowl. The thief is the ghost who haunts this house."

"Nonsense!" said Bing.

Perhaps you know more about it than I do," said Miss Bing sharply. "I say the ghost of that fowl, and that's what I'll say, and a load of bread I'll not take it back. That ghost is a hungry one, I'm certain. And the night before that I missed some cold roast beef and half a small ham and veal pie."

"Pie, a rat-trap and you'll catch your ghost," declared the unbelieving valet. "I don't believe in the kind of ghosts that devours ham pie."

"You don't know it all yet!" replied Miss Bing, with a slight sneer. "I repeat, there is a ghost in this house. It whispers through my key-hole sights—"

"The wind!"

"It rushes through the attics," continued Miss Bing, "like a ghost of many tails. My brother, Jacob, heard the whistle of them in the night. He has counted the whole troops from attic to cellar and found no trace of it, but I know it's here. I am not superstitious. I am not afraid of anything, but I am almost sorry we came to this house. What if the discomfort that should rush upon me from some dark corner—"

"What if the discomfort should come tea and?" interrupted Bing impatiently. "You are ghosts are not superstitious, but you are. Fancy a woman of your sense talking about ghosts. You probably got up in your sleep and ate the pie, the breads, and the fowl yourself, my dear."

Bones and all!" demanded Miss Bing, in a sarcastic tone.

"Very likely," replied Bing exasperatingly. "And if you are your enterprise might do even that. I'll search the house after breakfast, in the mean time I would recommend you to put your head in a poultice. Ghosts! Bah!"

The aggrieved Miss Bing set down her dish with a force that cracked it. Then, in an ominous silence she proceeded to prepare the table for breakfast, while the valet and Honor have done, to the active activity of a dozen cooks in concert.

By the time the last light came struggling in at the wet and dingy windows, and Jacob Bing returned from the stables, Miss Bing had prepared a tray with a small pot of tea and a cup, a plate of toast, and a small roast of cold fowl, and taking a light in one hand and the tray on the other, she passed to the young prisoner.

Honor was pacing her floor in the fire-light. She had removed her hat and mantle, and her long gloss hair streamed over her shoulders in its natural beauty. Miss Bing set down her tray and light upon a small table near the door, and addressed the child in a kinder tone.

"Is it light yet?" asked Honor wearily, with a glance at the darkened window.

"It is just coming light," answered Miss Bing. "There's a wooden shutter over the window on the outside, but the light will come in through the crevices and the broken glass."

"Where am you?" inquired Honor.

"Miss Bing, Miss Gaiser," and the spinster nodded significantly in the direction of the kitchen.

Honor's vivid eyes searched the woman's face, as if to read there the secret which had been shut up in her heart of womanly pity or kindness in the sharp, harsh features, nor in the tones of her voice.

With a sigh, the young girl turned from the inscrutable face, and Miss Bing added:

"My brother, Jacob Bing, and myself, Miss Bing went down stairs to serve her fastened in the house."

Honor made no reply, and as there was no matter of course. Then she walked back and forth between the window and the door, gradually in a faint gleams and bars through the crevices of the shutter, and the light fell upon the table and peered out through a knot-hole in the door, and Honor paused to look at it, saw nothing except the heavy gloom of the outside darkness, and she turned away with a faint, shrill whispering sound came through the knot-hole in the door, a sound which she was not made by the roving wind.

Miss Bing had left the door up the young girl had been ordered to keep from the entry. She appeared again, at evening, with toast and tea, and Honor ate and drank, and remarked that her brother had gone away not to return until the next morning.

This information afforded Honor a great deal of relief. She feared the interruption of valet only less than she feared his employer.

Miss Bing left her, and Honor sat down before the fire, and, leaning her head upon it, smoking a pipe. The evening had deepened into night, and the rain fell more and more ceaselessly and dismally. Jacob Bing and Miss Bing had retired, and the valet and the drivers away upon their return march to London.

Miss Bing had left the key in the door of Mr. Moor's room, and the spinster.

Honor had heard her unbolt the valet. "She won't be so much upon her guard as if the key were in her own pocket," she said, "and will soon be asleep. I'll wait an hour or two, at last night—unseen by any one. The rain will be a protection to me, and I must go back to Leicestershire before day, and not a soul will suspect me. I'll go to the Cypresses, and if that he's not the same fellow that drove it to London, I'll—I'll—" She paused suddenly, and her face grew pale and stern. "I'll do it! It's been a pretty nice job, pretty nicely executed and I'll do it!"

"Who shall you leave also?" inquired Miss Bing.

To-morrow morning before daybreak, if possible, I shall be on my way to London, and I have reserved for myself."

"You could stay here a year and he'll not suspect it," said Bing, "and you could come and care of, I can't tell. When he brings the milk and fresh eggs, I'll tell him that you have 'cases he's afraid of the ghosts,' he said to me that he would not stay in the house for a fortune. I'll tell him that you have been sent for by better-place in England, for it keeps visitors away. I'll tell him you are afraid of the road that leads past the Cypresses. And if it comes to that I'll tell him you're dead."

"Bother! Haven't I searched the house to-day, and found no ghosts? Haven't I told you you are as foolish as unreasonable. Why, you're a woman, and women are fools."

"I have heard you say so often," said Bing, "and I have observed that you have to deal with beings of flesh and blood," said Miss Bing, with a shudder. "I don't like to come to invisible creatures that mock one with unearthly laughter, and the patter of their own i an afraid.

"Then go, and catch your ghost—that is the way to get rid of it," replied Bing, more importance on my mind than fleas pestering a dog's back. If I find that you engage certificate to-night, I'll be off before morning, and you may stay and welcome. I shall dismiss myself, because the police may be on my track, and I shall not wait to be arrested. I have been warned by Lady Waldemar in this direction. I shall make a long detour and keep clear of the road that leads past the Cypresses. And if it comes to that I'll tell him you're dead."

"Nonsense! You're not afraid of the ghosts, and you're as unreasonable. Why, you're a man, and men are fools."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

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ROBERT BONNER,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

The Deepened Mystery of the Nathan Forrester.

The murder of Benjamin Nathan, a rich and estimable old banker, in his own house, in the very heart of the city, and almost opposite to one of the entrances to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and within a stone's throw of it, more than two years ago, has always remained involved in the mystery in which, from the beginning, involved that strange and terrible crime. But lately that mystery has been deepened and made more bewildering, perhaps more significant.

William Forrester, a great criminal, and an escaped convict from the State-prison at Joliet, Illinois, where he had been serving years' remainder of a term to serve out, was arrested at Washington, after a long and carefully-laid pursuit of him by the detectives, and brought to this city with much pomp—not to say ridiculous—fuss, by a police force that was ironed, and doubly ironed, manacled and chained, and it was proclaimed abroad as a mighty achievement, that the whole police force had been able to land this great criminal hero, as he seemed to be regarded, safely in a station-house in New York city.

Then dark and mysterious hints were given out, of most convincing proofs of his complicity in the murder of Mr. Nathan, which had been discovered long since, kept carefully secret up to this time, but which would soon be made known, to the great astonishment and relief of the public mind. Some said that certain articles, known to have been on Mr. Nathan's person at the time he was killed, had been found in Forrester's possession. Others alleged that it would be proved, at the last, and to begin with, that Forrester had been seen in the house when the murder was committed, and engaged about that time in the perpetration of several burglaries; while he steadily, and to the end, asserted that he could show by the testimony of several witnesses that on that very day he was in New Orleans.

If the police kept up the search for Forrester for two years; offered rewards for his arrest; travelled, thousands of miles in pursuit of him; followed him, wherever they thought he might be found, in all sorts of ingenious disguises—sometimes in the dress of a female—as they allege that they did, to ensure him; if, we say, they did all this without any knowledge or well-grounded assurance that he was guilty, then the police would seem to have been extremely stupid.

But they have not been stupid, and there is anything about it. Has all the time and effort been made in an honest belief that they were pursuing the right object merely for the purpose of diverting public attention, and satisfying, by a false show, the reasonable public demand for light on this dark subject? If he other been said that the death of a distinguished luminary in the police force was occasioned by lamentable ignorance about the Nathan murder; while, on the other hand, there was a deep-laid plot to cover up insinuations that his death was hastened, not by too little, but by too much knowledge on an awful subject. As we think possible, the suspected scene persons besides Forrester.

On the whole, the darkness and cloud have not been cleared away in the least, but rather the darkness has been made more dense, and the fresh suspicions have been created, old suspicions have been strengthened, if not confirmed. Will this murder ever out?

Going Back of the Memory of the Oldest Inhabitant.

Queen Victoria has been paying a visit to the Castle of Dunrobin, where she laid the memorial stone of a monument to the Duchess of Sutherland. The clergyman who officiated bore her said:

"May it please your Majesty: On the occasion of the last royal visit to Sutherland, when King Alexander II. of Scotland, accompanied here for a time, 640 years ago, the circumstances were very different from those which now exist. A royal castle fully great but most inferior accommodation.

We rather think they were. *Six hundred and forty years* would seem to be time enough to make a considerable change in social circumstances. We treat the next six hundred and forty will not change those of us or any of our readers to the worse.

Funny Names.

There is a law firm in this city of Goodenow & Truman. Certainly should we fall into the hands of a good man and a true man ought to fare well!

At one time, in a single store in New York, there were two men named *Voices*—one named *Sisters*, and two named *Waters*—quite a moist concern, one would suppose.

Many years ago, there was a firm of auctioneers here—well known as politicians too—of *Sion, Song & Company*; and in political affairs at least the name seemed quite appropriate, for it was a very noisy firm.

An old Boston firm lived and flourished under the plain title of Head & Pray.

Death of Rev. D. Vinton.

We record with sincere regret the death of the Rev. Francis Vinton, D. D., of Brooklyn, Associate Rector of Trinity Church in this city.

Dr. Vinton was a graduate of West Point and studied law and was admitted to the bar before he became a minister. He was a man of great and versatile talent, and was peculiarly winning and attractive in his manners. His friends were numerous, and were very warmly attached to him.

Dr. Vinton was one of the Twelve Distinguished Clergymen who wrote a series of articles for the *Ledger*.

GOOD-BYE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Farewell to the mountains! The time is up. Vacation is ended. Business begins to loom up. The distant city rears as a hungry lion for its food. The shoreless sea is flocking homeward. Every stage toward the mountains is empty. Every stage away from them is loaded to the utmost. Farewell to the morning and the evening in the mountains! the early mists that rise in the hollows and valleys! to the warm sun that sets them in motion and summons them up, to the shadows of clouds that drop upon the sides of the hills, and move darkly across them; to the long shadows which the morning throws westward; to the long evening shadows which the west throws eastward! The second day, as it is departing, opens a rift of clear sky along the horizon. Down drops the sun into the open space, and looks upon the earth like a lover long absent. It is not the direct rays of evening sunlight that make the most resplendent effects. When several strata of clouds lie piled, and the light is reflected from them upon the mountains and the fields, one shall see the most magnificent and striking assistley of evening light.

Farewell to purple mountains changing to rose; to the dark shadows that pursue both rose and purple colors and extinguish both. Farewell to the Ammonoosuc; that all night long with its music; and hollow river-ring, long hour with its music; to the fair meadows, to the walks beyond them, the wood-paths, with all their fringes of exquisite ferns; to the deep woods that for miles cover steeps, where the trunks a food deep in moist greenery, over which only the most delicate sunlight can penetrate; to the moonbeams upon the grass, and the light in reflected from them upon the mountains and the hills, one shall also find a most delicious and striking subtlety of evening light.

Farewell to the sparkling streamlets that run; to the dark shadows that pursue both rose and purple colors and extinguish both. Farewell to the Ammonoosuc; that all night long with its music; and hollow river-ring long hour with its music; to the fair meadows, to the walks beyond them, the wood-paths, with all their fringes of exquisite ferns; to the deep woods that for miles cover steeps, where the trunks a food deep in moist greenery, over which only the most delicate sunlight can penetrate; to the moonbeams upon the grass, and the light in reflected from them upon the mountains and the hills, one shall also find a most delicious and striking subtlety of evening light.

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THE WIDOW'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

"As we have opportunity, let us do good."
A moon to shed, it is true;
But a star may be needed even a mite,
What can she be expected to do?

My husband was one of the very best men—
I cherish his memory still;
But he brought nothing here, took nothing away,
And left nothing—not even a will.

And so, when the baskets are handed around,
Or the lists for each generous cause,
I must sit like a statue, and look as demure,
Nor once think poor John was to blame.

I might find "my mission" in some other field:
I think I could give good advice;
But that's the one rôle all endeavor is shun.
Though it cometh unsought, in whole pints, now.

Now good Mrs. Brown, in her spacious brown house,
If she can not be prevailed upon
To open her doors to her troops of dear friends,
And "her virtues can never be told,"

And kind Mrs. Gay, with her splendid rent-rolls,
Can comfort poor people, at once!
And can, when she chooses, afford to invite
The young minister in to a feast.

And then Mrs. Gossip, with no money or lands,
Has time, and can use it right well,
In amassing choice tidbits of news here and there,
To share with each one who "can't tell."

And Miss Busybody knows precisely the day
That each one of us ought to be born,
Although it 's been known for forty years
How she hates "these detestable morn."

She will tell you when each other will fashion no
crape,
Though the ribbon be sombre or bright;
She is setting her cap for a husband again,
Just as sure as day follows night.

She selects all their partners, although it 's too
late
That "second and thirds don't count;"
For a relict of thirteen caught old Simon Grey,
The sum she had chosen for one.

But I never shall marry; my heart 's in the grave
Where I laid poor, dear John long ago;
And I never shall meet one so good, or so kind,
Though some have made answer, I know.

And with money one can accomplish so much!
Dear me! there comes rich Doctor Lore!
Poor man! left with six little motherless babes.
He must marry again, that is sure!

He asked me to wed him. I could not say Nay.
Though I thought of poor John with a sigh:
My one opportunity to do good had come:
Was it right I should let it pass by?

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BRONZE MEDAL," "SOUTH SEALER," "THE CLUB-FOOT DEAR," "DARK HERBERT LUCK."

CHAPTER XXXI.

JUPE'S REVELATIONS COMPLETED.

While the events last related were occurring in New York—while Miss Pedder, Mrs. Hawley and Capt. Pedder, one of their sons were all setting out in different ships for Desolation, and all totally absorbed in conflicting projects—what had become of Will. Hawley? He had he and Capt. Dougal been left on board the man-of-war with the runaway convict, Jupe? Assuredly not, or this story had not been penned.

So far as the struggle had proceeded, the advantage, it will be remembered, was entirely upon the side of our hero.

He had been obliged, in the main, to take refuge upon a little island off the coast of Juvenilia—the one which the vessel sighted by Capt. Cook Sentry-box Island—but in making this change of base, Will, who had left the tow-boat of the *Dower*, and so placed the runaway convict either impassably between him and the island.

And it was to maintain this advantage that Will had refused the proposal of Fatty Bantam, on the occasion of the latter's strange visit to Sentry-box Island under a false pretext, and had taken him back to Cape Cumberland as the reader has before seen, confining him below.

It is not to be thought that we will now return to this branch of our narrative.

The intermission of clear weather which had enabled Will, to convey Bantam to Cape Cumberland was of brief duration. He had scarcely returned from this trip, when a pall of cold gray clouds overspread the sky, and some was soon falling more copiously than ever.

Taking his way to his boat dwelling, with Capt. Dougal and the dog Bantam, Will proceeded to make himself and his friends as comfortable as their limited resources permitted.

The winter thus ushered upon proved worthy of Desolation. For weeks the storm-clouds would fall brief intermissions to the fall of snow. The cold was intense. The sun seldom showed itself. There were no thaws. The three men had all they could do to keep their paths open, and prevent themselves from being buried alive under the huge drifts. Vast fields of ice formed repeatedly along the shores, and especially in the small bay between Sentry-box island and Cape Cumberland, but they were as often smashed up by the winds and waves, so that Will had no fear of anchor veil over the ice from any direction.

In good truth, nothing but Bantam's forced return to the island of Bantam's forced return to them. They had absolutely retreated into the interior of the island, and been shut in by winter.

And so month after month passed away, with what normal and accidental to the part of Hawley and Captain Dougal can well be imagined.

But at last there was a notable interruption to the long reign of cold and tempest—a several days of calm and quiet, which could evidently be deemed the end of the winter and the beginning of spring.

The sun's rays gradually brightened. The air even became visible for brief and intervals was over covering the island and the sea around them. And then began the long and dismal ruins of the salt summer fogs, which, and intermittently at first, but soon becoming heavy and almost incessant.

Will was more astonished by these rains than he had been by the freezing which knows. How it did pour! Rain, rain, rain!

The huge piles of snow were soon almost thoroughly permeated with water, and then they commenced settling down, and losing their huge dimensions. The whole island became afloat. Torrents of water rushed down the declivities and coursed out of the valleys bearing all before them. The boat dwelling of Will and his friends was actually in danger—undermined—threatened with ruin. In fact, they were obliged to take to their other boat and live in it, anchoring in a little nook, and covering themselves with all sail and skins.

But at last the rain ceased, and the flood began to go and. Then the weather broke and washed away, except from the highest points, and the three men were at last almost completely returned to the island to set up their boat dwelling, gathering into it the few articles they had taken with them.

The next day a dozen thin and feeble figures showed themselves upon Cape Cumberland, and were made out to be Fatty Bantam and such of his followers as had been able to withstand the rigors of the winter. They beckoned to Will and his party, appearing to implore assistance, but no response was made to them—no apparent notice taken of their presence.

The truth was, Will was sufficiently absorbed in his own miseries and troubles.

He was in a state of consternation with all these trials and sufferings, and at times experienced a feeding akin to despair. His food had begun to reveal his stomach, and his sleep had become exactly and unrefreshing. His strength was greatly reduced, as was his patience. He and Dougal could only think of their jewel ones, so far away, and fret and chafe with their terrible surroundings. Even the madman had fallen into a chronic melancholy, having been unable to content himself with the fancies of his diseased imagination in the face of such terrific realities.

Events were in this state when an unforeseen catastrophe gave a new phase to the situation.

The madman failed one day to return from his customary rambles at noon, as was his wont. Will, with Captain Dougal, was not much so alarmed at his absence that they went to search for him. They looked for a long time vain, but at last they came upon his bruised and bleeding form, at the foot of a tall cliff, from which he had been in the habit of watching for a ship.

A glance at the top of the cliff told the two that a terrible accident had happened.

The late floods had loosened the stones which formed the top of the cliff, and a large mass of them had suddenly crumbled beneath the feet of the madman—at a moment when he was profoundly absorbed in his wild watch—and he had been precipitated to the terrible fragments from the top to the bottom.

The shock the view of the motionless figure of the poor fellow brought was such as to render them momently dumb and motionless.

The body lay as if lifeless, and indeed it was not natural for any one to think of life's remaining in a human form after it had been subjected to such an awful experience.

"There he is—poor fellow!" sighed Will, at length recovering. "Jupe's a dead man. His troubles are over."

A hasty examination confirmed this first impression.

"Poor fellow, he's gone," returned Dougal. "He rests at last from his vain agitations. It is doubtless better for him, although we shall miss him. He has been a great deal to lighten this horrible captivity."

"Let us take him to the boat," proposed Will, mastering the flood of regrets that sprang upon him. "All other cares for him now is to give him Christian burial."

They raised the helpless form carefully be-

FIFTY BANTAM SCRUBBED BY WILL HAWLEY AND CAPTAIN DOUGAL.

tween them, and set out for their boat dwelling.

They had barely reached the little plateau in front of their boat-quarters, when an unlooked-for event occurred—one that it would have been mistaken for the sighing of the wind—one from the throat of the dead Jupe!

"He lives!" cried Hawley.

"Impossible!" said Dougal; "but it's plainly clear that he's dying!"

Perhaps not. While there is life there is hope," you know. How shall we treat him?"

"With cold water without and a good dram of brandy within," said Dougal, as they laid the limp body down upon a rude couch at one side of their narrow dwelling. "I am modest of brandy I saved from the *Dower* is not yet empty. We may save him."

Setting to work with all the energy required by the occasion, the two soon had the sad satisfaction and relief of perceiving other indications of life, and of the return of the spirit to the fine clothing and the fine voice of the unfortunate Jupe, the deceased. His cuts were washed and dressed, his bruises bathed in cold water, a vigorous friction imparted to his hands and limbs, and several swallows of brandy poured down his throat.

"We shall save him, after all," at length said Hawley hopefully. "None of his cuts or bruises are dangerous, and he has no internal injuries, as he evidently would have had if he had struck upon his head before striking the ground. And this one over his ear, by which he was evidently rendered unconscious."

"Nor do I," assented Dougal. "There may be a chance for him, as feeble as he seems. We can at least make the effort. But the next thing is to get him to bed."

The suggestion was acted upon, and the two men sat down beside their patient and watched their progress anxiously.

A couple of hours thus passed, of life on the part of the unfortunate, and of the return of the spirit to the body and fixed stare—first at the two men and forms of the dog Bantam, and then at the whole interior of the boat dwelling.

"Will this beside me, Hawley?" he at length breathed, rather than said, with a vague pause after each word. "I do not know myself. Weak as kitten. Must have been sick. Or caught in a storm. Ah, I know. I hear you come in. How long you been here? How strange everything looks. Ah, I know. I remember. Dog Bantam. Dog Bantam is here. Not the same dog I had before. Not the same. But a built of the pieces of the dog. Where is Bantam?"

Will and Dougal exchanged glances of pleased intelligence. The insane light had vanished from the eyes of the unfortunate; the insane accent from his voice. He talked and looked rational. It was clear that a change as radical as it was sudden had been wrought in him.

"You'll excuse me, strangers," resumed the patient, stirring feebly. "I am not myself now this morning. Can't exactly make out, you see, where I am, or what has happened. Must have been sick, haven't I, strangers? Ah, I see you have been sick, Mr. Will."

In fact, you've been sick, my friend," said Will, for a time I feared I should be crazy. My fear was not a vain one then? I've really been loose in my upper story?"

"Ah, I see! I lost my head, as I feared I should, and you gave him to me to nurse in that condition. Did you find the little document I left on the table?"

"Yes, I found your 'document'—if you are pleased to call it such," said Will.

"I see. You found it, and have read me as I was not myself when I set pen to it. Well, I see no that we have been crazy long. A few days perhaps; or possibly some weeks."

"Nearly three years, Mr. Breeling."

"Nearly—three years! I guess the patient.

"Yes, nearly three years," said Will. "The last entry in your statement was made on the 8th of March, 1851, and it is now the last of September, 1853."

"It is possible! It 's all a blank to me. I seems but a moment since I left the dog Bantam in my little hut, wondering what he would do in the event of my death, and that my head was full of the fancy that I should die, and now tell me that the year is 53, and the month September. How strange!"

He paused abruptly, endeavoring to move his head, but failing in the effort.

"But what?" asked Dougal.

"Why, you must have been putting me through a fearful course of pruents," said the patient. "I'm as sore as a boil all over. You must have been skinning me alive! This isn't much like the hole-and-corner I tried once in the Sandwich islands."

"Lord-lord!" repeated Hawley.

"Yes, the kneading gets you, you know—in such high style as you have given it to that region," explained the sufferer. "They knead you with their fists, and walk up and down your body until every joint snaps like a pistol. But you've treated me differently. You must have broken every bone in my body. How? My whole body in one sore! What can you have done to me?"

"It's no time for explanations now, Mr. Breeling," responded Hawley. "You have talked too much already. You had better go to sleep. You can see that we are your friends."

"But you've only called here. I suppose I have been ordered to eat immediately?"

"No," answered Will, with a sigh. "We expect to remain here some days."

"Then I'll take a good nap, as you say, for I'm curiously weak and drowsy. Can't imagine what treatment you've been giving me. It must have been a sort of cinch-curse though. But it 's all right, strangers, and I know you'll care me, of course—after what you read about them in my writings. I can understand that you would not stick at trifles. You perhaps saved my life. It will, and I'll reward you handsomely. We may save this island yet, and the unanimity of his servants."

They maintained their watch for hours, but as it was not a dangerous sickness, and a thought, in fact, for anything but the helpless state of exhaustion of the patient.

The day had given place to night, and the two men sat down beside their patient and smoke. He was in the midst of a profound and refreshing slumber.

Everything appeared so over him until he was oblivious. Will, and Dougal exchanged mutual congratulations, and a hearty shake of hands.

The recovery of his senses by this poor fellow is a good omen," said Dougal.

"It is, indeed," returned Will. "We have received a relief—in that case, there should be three of us to meet any emergency. I shall feel

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

buried alive in the grotto by the snow and during that time didn't see a ray of light, or even the face of our dying companion.

During no lord to these complaints. We hurried to the nearest beach and signalled Pedro to bring the boat into the cove where it would be partially concealed, and where it would be within twenty rods of the spot in which Bastaan had temporarily concealed himself. Pedro, a half-breed native Mexican, had been informed of all that had occurred, much to his delighted astonishment, and then the people, proclaiming several miserable bags from the boat, took their way to the cave. He found Dougal was awaking from consciousness.

In less than the time mentioned by Hedley, the whole vast pile of bullion was transferred to the boat, and then Bastaan was dismissed and turned adrift, with the advice to stick faithfully to the version he had resolved to give his comrades of the disappearance of the money.

The rage with which he received this advice was simply unutterable.

An hour after the boat was safely back again, to a man, it rained.

It became a good thing this morning; and Will, as he leaped ashore, cried out to Tommy: a living, how astonished he will be at the recovery of his money. It's a wet morning now again, and it cannot be a great while before a ship of some kind will heave in sight and relieve us. We must bear the misery of the rain as best we can. Ah, here is Dougal, I can load it quickly into the boat, if the Major, dinner or Kangaroo Jimmy should come here, as Bastaan has threatened."

"And there's another thing we must do," suggested Capt. Dougal, "and that must partake a continual watch for those worthies. We must remember that they are not dead, but that summer has again opened. We can only be the first to see them, as they'll hardly venture to make the land at night, and if the necessity arises, we can take to the high seas, and sail off."

Will assented to these suggestions.

"Then we have a time," said Dougal, as he made unmeaning in the treasure, "and I'll be bound to say that the task of dividing this money with my pay, will be a hard one. I look upon it without the least feeling of covetousness. When any one has been so near death as I have been, he gets new light upon those things. Especially when he has endured a living death for years, as I have done in this cave. I look upon the possession of a fraction of one hundred that the possession of a few dollars more or less is of very little account in comparison with health and the power of contentment, and the real business of existence. What a blessing it is for me to be on sound mind again, and to have your society and your friendship. I have no desire to see that region of death and desolation which I have been wandering! And if any proof of the divine government of the world were wanting, would it not be found in the strange chain of events which has brought me, a man's money, after all its adventures among the grottos, in the hands of the husband of Nellie?"

"Yes, it is a wonderful providence," returned Harley feelingly; "and, as a confirmation to health, and also the escape of Captain Dougal from the cannibals, and to speak of all the lesser mercies of which we have been the objects. We have all a great reason to be grateful."

Here a silent spot was soon selected as the hollow place of the treasure and it was safely stowed away beyond almost the chance of discovery. The balance of the day was spent in looking for a ship, in repairing the boat, and in discussing what course would be the best in case of the arrival of any of the allies of Fazy Bastaan.

And all the day long Bastaan and his men were in the most miserable and wretched state of Cape Cumberland, and looked forward with sickness of turning the tables upon their enemies. In vain ever to see, in their sorrowful gestures and movements, and even by the occasional flow of rage and menace, which crossed the straits, that the loss of Mr. Ayler's money was a matter of great grief to the band, and that all their thoughts and energies were devoted to the ways and means of securing the steady and revenging all their precious defeats.

The wild taunts and impotent agitation did not seem to last, however, for they ceased as soon as the boat was seen to be out of sight of the lightning-struck island, and soon had more during the day. It seemingly became resigned to its lonely and its fate, whatever what had become of them.

My opinion is that they have gone back to the Kangaroo Islands," said Dougal, and that they have given up the search declared Will; "and as he and his friends were departing the night at a late hour of the evening. "They must have realized that they stayed weeks and weeks, and found yesterday, and they knew that they could be as comfortable as they can in those two huts until the arrival of a ship."

"One thing is certain," said Dougal, "there will be no more danger in sight at nightfall, and then I'll have a wash a bit from on their vengeance."

At the point in the conversation there came a quick knock upon the door of the boat dwelling.

In three men leaped to their feet, and, chasing startled glances one with another, as their hands sought their weapons.

"It is I—Bastaan," said a voice.

That announcement did not calm the excitement the knock had produced. The presence of Bastaan was a fact of the most menacing import.

"Are you going to let me, is?" continued the voice.

As hesitation or refusal were equally out of the question, Will, assumed the door.

The figure that immediately entered was indeed that of Bastaan, but it was that of a contagion like as the Bastaan of the day previous.

He was as thin as ever, but in all else how changed! His glances were fierce, his voice full of vigor. His heart was full of mysteries as a demon.

"I have come for you," he announced, with a leer of savage jubilance, as he looked from one to another. "A long adventure for me, mine has arrived at Desolation. I refers to the ship Ocean Queen."

Will repeated the name in astonishment.

"Yes, Jimmy has come," continued Bastaan, "and with him some fifty or sixty blacks as you could find in all England. They arrived early this morning. They dished round Cape Francois and enter Christmas Harbor. I was on the lookout for them from the top of Cape Francois, and anchored their sloop there, so that you did not see it. And this is how it has happened that some sixty of us, all told, have arrived here then emigrantedly to pay you a visit."

This last observation was suggestive in the extreme.

Will at once turned to Dougal.

"Take a look from the door, Captain," said he with outward calmness, although a keen sense of peril thrilled him.

Dougal hastened to comply with the suggestion, but had scarcely looked out into the night, when he leaped backward abruptly, closing the door.

"The Queen!" burst from him.

Bastaan chuckled like a fiend.

At the same instant a rush of heavy footsteps resounded along the stone pavement of the boat dwelling.

"The whole gang is here," said Dougal, drawing his revolver. "They have crept up and surrounded us."

Yes, it is yer turn now," cried Bastaan, with a yell of triumph, "and I'll be revenged. Surrender. Yes, we are treaty bound! Surrender, or die!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—We are willing to look on ambiguity as superior to our time, but not on posterity. It is only a father that does not envy the son.

OUT OF THE SUNSHINE.

BY FRANCES JESSEBAW BADEN.

"Oh, mamma! I was so glad just now; as I most laughed right out, I believe! Ain't you glad, too, mamma, that Uncle Gardner, is one of my nearest friends?"

These words, said in a voice full of joy, while the boy's eyes were sparkling and laughing, like his mother's were years before, spoke volumes to me, explaining clearly as they could be had found in the companion of my childhood and early youth. Each viewing and leaving our village haunts, we had been separated for a long, long time. Now, for the first time, in the first time, and I had met only by chance, disclaiming, as I clasped my arms around her; "Dear Nellie, how you have changed!"

I had no chance to get a peep into her heart then.

Her husband I knew but slightly, having met him at college before her marriage.

He had also had but little a handsome dignified man, but rather too precise and quiet to suit me.

What caused the change in Nellie worries me so much, I lay awake many hours trying in vain to account for it.

My mind and heart were both full of these thoughts when Prodlie's words reached my ear.

"I am sure there was a time, Uncle Will," as she glanced hastily at me. Thinking she would tell me, I kept quiet, and assumed a careless manner, I suppose, Nellie said:

"You know, Uncle Will, that I am not a very merry nature; so while the children are all here, I am very happy and contented, but when they are taken away, I am overcome by the sight down in my heart, as I thought what a care I would have to bear."

Nellie, with her arm around her boy, asked: "What was laughing about, Prodlie?"

"Why, baby, Nellie made him laugh—the darling, darling, darling boy," and the fond mother covered the child's face with kisses, and her responses were after with the little fellow's laughter, which was the most musical sentence of the present fashionable style; with an occasional "Oh, mamma!" "Now, mamma!" and a last which must have weighed heavy on Nellie's heart, "Mamma, I'll tell papa."

"Prodlie."

"Mr's Dolly Varden," she said; and tone, "Mr's Dolly Varden, mamma."

I laughed right out, loud and long, at the funny idea that Nellie should be the first to spark of what her mother was at the same age.

Nellie smiled gravely, and eyes down on her face for a little while, and then she said to me:

"Now go, darling, and tell Norah to endure I have company to tea."

I learned afterward that Norah was the cook, and that Nellie had always called her down, and now as we retired to the other room, I noticed that she hesitated whether she should call Norah or not, but concluded the little ones as happy.

"Now, Uncle Will, laugh down your mouth as much as you please, and tell me what you were laughing about."

I turned my head away, as the boy left the room, and then I told her that I was ashamed to tell her those little ones—to tell her of all, what I knew felt it so keenly—that Nellie was not happy.

Prodlie, love, go tell Norah she can take Dollie and Rosie to bed with her, and I will go them, to take care of sisters, my little man.

"Nellie, dear, I am afraid that I have unthoughtedly known. Tell me what is the matter, Nellie?"

"Frank, I fear you may receive a wrong impression of my husband from my hasty words. I am sure that he loves me, and I know that he loves his children dearly, I know; but he is a little peculiar. I believe that I am peculiar, too, and that is the noisy or rude. He is proud of them, and does not understand that I am not, that I delight in their happiness, or rather, their finer grace, and that I would rather have them quiet and noiseless as the shadow and revenging all their precious defeats.

The wild taunts and impotent agitation did not seem to last, however, for they ceased as soon as the boat was seen to be out of sight of the lightning-struck island, and soon had more during the day. It seemingly became resigned to its lonely and its fate, whatever what had become of them.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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How Prodlie ever learned to swim no one knew, or that no quick, tender, loving mother's heart had noticed the secret and then alive. She had never told her secret concerning the accident, as she knew her husband would be severely censured for his carelessness in allowing the child to go near the water; and when one of them got a tiny boy, drowning and nearly lifeless, and that she would have died, but for the timely assistance of Uncle Will, was taken up with cramp as he turned to go back.

That night, while he still lay delirious with fever, his father and I watched over him while Nellie the doctor had commanded to take rest.

Incessantly he talked—to mamma, Susie, Nellie, and to his father, and to Uncle Will, never, thus far, had papa's been heard—words of love, words of fear, words of joy, as he was pleading with uncle, the gardener, and Mr. Grafton drew near, and strained his ear to catch the words.

"Do let me take your gun, John? I can bring her down. Don't you know this is papa's birthday? I want so much to have that duck for him. If he knows I got it for him, may be he'll be pleased. And oh, may be he'll be the happiest boy in the world, and smiles on his like Willie Sprowler father does, and then, oh, then I'll be the happiest boy in the world. Papa, did your father ever talk and laugh with you? Oh, give me the gun. That's a good, darling papa."

An instant more, with a glad shout, he would have had the gun.

But it was not papa's gun it grasped.

Tenderly the father laid his boy down again, holding one of his little hands in both his eyes, as he lay panting and exhausted between the fits. Then mamma explained them. To win a smile from papa, the boy had run to get his gun, and had fallen in the water, having the father of his wife with child.

Through the remainder of night, I felt sure, was the first happiness of Nellie and her husband.

It was one morning when I peeped into Prodlie's room again. Both were sleeping quietly, sweetly, with the sunlight streaming on the same pillow with his boy's, his arm thrown across her neck.

I knew then all was well between them, and Nellie no further. God, in his infinite mercy, had given them a lesson.

I was called suddenly home, a few days after. When I returned, Nellie had entered the father's heart, and knew its rare worth and beauty, and loved him dearly

NEW FACES AND OLD.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

At all times, and in all places,
What a sea of human faces
Meet us, greet us, day by day,
As we tread our beaten way!

Some are faces full of care;
Some are plain, and some are fair;
Some are tender, some are cold;
Some are modest, others bold.

But the face that troubles me
More than any that I see
Is the child face full of sadness,
That should portray only gladness.

Little faces come and go,
Pinched with poverty and woe,
In and out the busy throng
Never singing childhood song!

As life's moments swiftly roll,
How *these* faces haunt the soul!
May they, when all hearts are tried,
Shine as do the glorified!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A PERILOUS GAME.

Hester met her guest at breakfast, and greeted him with the cordial welcome due to one who had befriended her as she declared Macon had. Nothing in the manner of either betrayed the fact that they were more to each other than passing acquaintance, who, for a season, had been thrown into friendly relations.

Hester hastened the departure of Macon and Zelma. Just before they went on board the steamer which opportunely came to the landing early in the day, she gave Zelma her last instructions about administering the powder to Macon and securing the diamonds. Zelma scarcely understood her, as she was stupefied by a drug that Hester had administered to her for safety. Macon was to keep the girl under the influence of his imbecile powders till they arrived far enough North to be out of danger from any possible communications by Zelma with those who could interfere with the wicked plot in which he was engaged.

As soon as they had gone, Hester locked herself in her room and wrote a letter to her mother, telling her to meet Macon and Zelma in disguise, at a certain place whither they were to go, get the powder from Zelma, and administer it herself to Macon, and then secure the diamonds and the girl. This she did for fear that Zelma would be unequal to the emergency when it should arrive.

Hester also wrote to Herbert Spencer, informing him of the loss of the family diamonds, accusing Zulieme and Gabe of their theft, and asking him to have the culprits arrested and put in safe-keeping till she could come to New Orleans herself, which she would speedily do. She then went on a visit to Mrs. De Lorme at Oaklands, told her that Macon had come to her from Mrs. Blake to purchase all of old Zelma's family, and that she had sent young Zelma north with him. Mrs. De Lorme was greatly astonished, but let the matter pass with but little comment.

Hester put on her sweetest manner, and took Lena and Nettie De Lorme home with her to stay all night. The next morning, after breakfast, she led the conversation to the subject of diamonds, and then Lena and Nettie expressed a desire to see the Landry jewels, of the magnificence of which they had often heard. This gave Hester the opportunity she had manœuvred to gain, and going to her room with the children, she unlocked her cabinet to show them the jewels. Of course they were not to be found. Hester's acting was so consummate, on the occasion, that everybody in the house was deceived by it. She accused Zulieme and Gabriel of the robbery, and declared her intention of going to New Orleans the next day to investigate the matter. Meanwhile, she would write, she said, immediately to Herbert Spencer to have him secure the arrest of Zulieme and her son, before they could escape with the booty.

In the afternoon, Hester drove over to Oaklands to inform Mrs. De Lorme of the robbery, and of her intention to go to New Orleans the next day; also to request Mrs. De Lorme to allow Clarice and Miss Lyman to stay at Oaklands during her absence. Mrs. De Lorme was amazed at Hester's story, and utterly discredited her charge against Zulieme and Gabriel. Zulieme's honesty and integrity were so well known, she said, that she could not believe her guilty of such a crime.

Mrs. De Lorme had letters from Raymond, in which he announced his immediate return, and stated that he should have been home a month earlier had it not been for an accidental fall while climbing among the Alps, which had temporarily disabled him. He had inclosed a letter for Estelle, which Mrs. De Lorme handed to Hester. It was an ardent love-letter; and the burning protestations of affection which Ray lavished upon her rival made Hester hate her all the more, and also made her all the more resolve to win the writer for her own husband, and to secure his love beyond all possibility of its ever being taken from her.

The next day Miss Lyman and Clarice went to Oaklands, and Hester started for New Orleans. In the mean time Herbert Spencer had had Zulieme and her son arrested on a charge of stealing the diamonds, and they were lodged in the calaboose. Unfortunately for them, Zulieme had confided her suspicions about Hester to Marion, and begged her wildly to let her go north in search of her beloved nurse-child Estelle. She had so impressed Marion with the truthfulness of her suspicions, that Mrs. Spencer had induced her husband, though much against his will, to telegraph to a detective in Boston, named Gibbs, to go to Blanton and investigate the case. But Zulieme could not be satisfied to leave the matter in the hands of strangers, and had actually attempted to run away, and steal a passage to New York on a northern bound ship. It was while she was making this attempt that Hester's letter came, accusing her and Gabriel of the robbery. Her attempt to run away gave color to the charge, and she and Gabriel were arrested and locked up as already stated. Of course the diamonds were not found, and Zulieme declared the charge of robbery "was made by Hetty Blake jus' to 'fend herself agin what she feared was a comin', 'cause she knew as how I s'pected her."

In the mean time Hester had reached New Orleans in safety. When the packet arrived, Spencer was at the landing with a carriage, and on their way to his house he informed her of the arrest of Zulieme and her son, and of their positive denial of the crime attributed to them.

"Of course they assert their innocence," said Hester calmly. "That is to be expected, but it does not alter the facts of the case. No one but Zulieme and myself had access to the place in which the diamonds were kept; and as *I* would scarcely rob myself, she alone can have perpetrated the theft. Gabriel has probably buried the diamonds in some safe place, to be reclaimed hereafter. If he has done that, I can offer him such a bribe as will induce him to reveal the place of their concealment. Unless he accepts my terms, I will have him condemned to hard labor for life."

It was night, and Spencer could not see her face, but he recoiled from something in her voice which, for the first time, gave him an idea of how hard and merciless she could be. He coldly said:

"I have done all that lay in my power to discover the fate of the diamonds, and if you are more successful with the prisoners than I have been, it will be fortunate for you. I have talked with both in private, and thus far I have elicited nothing but passionate protestations of innocence."

"Which one would almost think you believe in, Herbert; yet, as I said to you before, either *they* or *I* must have secreted the jewels. You can choose which you will suspect."

"Good Heavens, Estelle! do you for a moment imagine that I could impute such guilt to *you?* What motive could you have for robbing yourself?"

"Has not Zulieme supplied one? I have sent Zelma away from the plantation, but before she went she confessed to me that her aunt accused me of having assumed to be Estelle Landry, when I am really that discarded daughter who is said so strikingly to resemble me. Has she not told you this, Herbert, and has it not already infused in your mind a taint of suspicion which may be fatal to me if I do not meet it boldly? Think what the result to me might be, if Raymond were met by such a slander as that when he lands upon his native shores. I think I would kill myself if he heard of it."

The tones were alternately indignant and pathetic, and Spencer felt self-condemned that he had ever listened to the charges made against her by Zulieme. He earnestly said:

"It is true that you have divined the accusations brought by this woman, and you meet them in the right spirit. I have been compelled to listen to them, Estelle, but do me the justice to believe that I placed not the slightest faith in them. I did not intend to tell you what she has said, but since you speak so frankly yourself, I will follow your example. Zulieme accuses you of having made way with the gems, as a provision for yourself, when you are ignominiously compelled to surrender what you have usurped."

Hester laughed derisively.

"What an imagination the creature must have! Can she bring forward any proof that I am not the co-heiress of Armand Laundry? If she can, I am quite ready to hear it."

"She has no proof that is worthy of repetition. I feel some natural sympathy for this poor creature, for I think she has brooded over one idea until it has deranged her mind. If she appropriated your jewels, Marion thinks it was with the belief that the money realized from them would enable her to prosecute a search for her young mistress, which she was most anxious to undertake. Before your letter came, informing us of the loss you had sustained, Zulieme had entreated Marion to intercede with me to allow her to go north in quest of the true Estelle."

"And did Marion accede to her request so far as to ask you to do such a thing?" she inquired in a hard tone. "If she did, after associating with me as long and intimately as she has done, I shall find it very difficult to forgive her, and love her as I once did."

"Marion, as a good wife should, told me what had passed between them," replied Spencer evasively. "Of course we neither of us thought of permitting Zulieme to go on such a quest as that. In place of being your accuser, Estelle, I would be your champion, if the occasion arose. But it will not. Zulieme has really no power to injure you, and measures can be taken to compel her to silence. She has as yet confided her wild delusion to no one save Marion and myself, and of our discretion you are assured."

"You are mistaken as to that, for she told the same story to Zelma; and when the girl confessed it to me, after her aunt went away, I seized on the first opportunity to get rid of her. Dr. Macon came to Le Bocage the day you left, and as he stated the object of his visit was to purchase old Zelma's family for Mrs. Blake, I gladly sent the girl off with him. She was well pleased to go, for after a few years' service she will of course be free."

"Dr. Macon came all the way to Le Bocage on such an errand as that?" exclaimed Spencer. "Why did he not write? What could have been his ulterior motive for making so long a journey? for he must have had one."

With a light laugh Hester gave an ingenious explanation of Macon's visit, declaring that among other motives which he had for making it, was an absurd love for herself. But she had speedily sent him back to his betrothed, Hester Blake, and he had taken Zelma with him.

Spencer thought the whole transaction a very singular one, but Hester's magnetic power over those brought in immediate contact with her, made itself felt as strongly as ever, and in spite of the cause he had to suspect her, he elected to give implicit credence to her statements.

The carriage drew up in front of the gate, and Spencer roused himself from his unpleasant abstraction to say, in a cordial tone:

"Here we are at my house, Estelle, and I can assure you that it will afford Marion and myself great satisfaction to offer to you the hospitality of the home you helped us to secure."

Marion, with a white nubia thrown over her head, was standing at the gate awaiting them, and she welcomed Hester with an eager empressement which seemed as if she wished to atone for some involuntary wrong she had done her.

"My dearest Estelle, I am most happy to see you in my new home," she cried. "Come in at once and see what a charming place it is, and before you go away you will know that you have made two people happy together, who could never have been contented apart."

A bright moon was shining over the pretty house and cultivated grounds, and Hester looked around, and said, in her most dulcet tones:

"The exterior is very pleasing, I confess, Marion; but with you as the presiding goddess, the interior will be yet more attractive."

They entered the house, and Hester was taken at once to the pleasant apartment which had been prepared for her. After assisting her to remove her wrappings, Marion excused herself a few moments, promising to return directly to conduct her guest to the parlor, and Hester sat down to think over the conversation between herself and Spencer.

By the time Marion flitted back to her husband, Spencer was in the cozy parlor, ready to listen to what she evidently had to tell him.

"What is it, *petite?*" he asked quickly. "Your face is so bright that I anticipate something pleasant."

"There is a telegram for you, which came a few moments after you left. I am so glad it arrived before Estelle came. I can be quite natural with her now; only when I feel ashamed of my suspicions, I shall be uncomfortable."

"Then I infer that they have been set at rest. You know I told you so, Marion, from the first."

"Oh, yes; of course you were wiser than I," she said, with a little pout, "but it isn't generous in you to tell me so."

Marion moved toward the table on which lay the dispatch. Spencer eagerly opened it, and read the brief communication sent him by Mr. Gibbs:

"Went to Blanton. Found all right about Mrs. B—— and her daughter. They are in New York. Have written particulars, but thought you would like to hear from me before the letter could reach you. J. GIBBS."

Marion watched his brightening face as he read, and then said:

"I must go back to our guest now; but first throw that telegram in the fire, Herbert. It would be very awkward if by any chance Estelle gained sight of it."

"And I am apt to be heedless about my letters you have already found out, little woman. There—all is safe now," and the envelope was thrown into the grate. Spencer watched it as it shrivelled in the blaze, and thought that nothing should induce him again to harbor a doubt of the girl who had so substantially proved her friendship for himself.

CHAPTER L.

HESTER TRIUMPHANT.

Hester appeared at the breakfast table with that expression of gentle sadness upon her features which she thought appropriate to the occasion. It had been arranged that she should visit Zulieme and Gabriel at the calaboose, to see if they would not confess their crime. At the appointed hour, Spencer took her in a carriage to the prison, where, at her request, he left her to interview the prisoners alone. She first saw Gabriel, whom she found in a craven spirit of depression admirably adapted to her purposes. She met his protestations of innocence with an alleged written confession by his mother of the crime, and a statement that her son had given the box containing the diamonds to a man on board the steam-boat, to be sent north by express to Mrs. Blake.

Poor Gabriel was so overwhelmed by this document, and so frightened by Hester's threats, that, in order to save himself from a terrible punishment, and to gain the freedom which Hester promised him on his complying with her wishes, that he signed, by making his mark, a corroboration of his mother's supposed confession.

Having secured this admission from Gabriel, Hester struck sharply on the door of the cell, and it was opened at once. Without casting a backward glance at the poor ignorant creature on whom she had just imposed such a deception, she passed out, and a few quick steps brought her to the door of Zulieme's cell. It opened, closed on her, and the two were face to face.

At the sound of the key grating in the lock, Zulieme had arisen, and she almost humbly said:

"Good-mornin', Miss Estelle. I'm feared that I've done and said some things that you'll find it hard to forgive, but I an't guilty of what they 'cuses me of. I never teched them di'monds, and I don't know nothing about 'em."

Hester scornfully replied:

"That is a very likely story when I have in my pocket the positive statement of your son that the box containing them was given by him to a man on board of the boat you came down on, to be put in the express office here, and sent on to Mrs. Blake. I understand now why she took the trouble to send an agent all the way to the plantation to buy yourself, your son and Zelma, that she might free all of you."

The two statements made in this speech so utterly confounded Zulieme that she sat staring wildly at the speaker, incapable of speaking for several moments. At length she faltered:

"Gaby could never have said that. As to Mrs. Blake, bad as you have treated me, Miss Estelle, I'd rather be your slave than to be set free by her, and with stolen money too. I never took them things, and I believe you *know* that I never did."

"Insolent! how dare you say such a thing as that to me?" And Hester's eyes glared on her with that peculiar expression before spoken of, which was the only physical trait she inherited from her mother. It struck on Zulieme's inner sense as an electric shock, and reckless of consequences to herself, she cried out:

"How can I be 'cused of insolence to you, Hetty Blake, when you're no better than I am? You're *not my* child, and I'll cry out to the bitter end till some one is found to look her up, and bring her face to face wi' you, and put you down where you belongs."

The speaker seemed beside herself with excitement and passion, but Hester, who felt herself mistress of the situation, mockingly said:

"Who will you find to believe your assertions? Let me be who I may, the power to save or destroy you is in my hands; and unless you submit to my dictation, I will crush you as ruthlessly as I would any reptile that rears its head to strike at me. I am the mistress—*you are the slave.*"

Zulieme knew full well that Hester spoke the truth when she said that no accusation from her lips would be regarded. Even if brought face to face in a court of justice, the slave would not be allowed to testify against her owner. She had rapidly reviewed the position, and she had intelligence enough to understand it. In a dejected tone, she said:

"If I thought I could do anything agin you, I'd try it, but 'twouldn't be no use—I'd only ruin myself and Gaby, without helping my poor darling. Where is she, Hetty Blake? What have you done with her?"

"I don't mind telling you," said Hester defiantly, "for you can never make any use of the information. She is an idiot—her head was so badly hurt in that railroad smash that she will never be right again. *I* have taken her place, and I mean to defend my right to it to the bitter end. I am not afraid to tell you this, for there is no one to hear it but yourself, and if you repeated it you would be treated as a mad woman, if I did not order you to be even more severely dealt with than that."

At the revelation of what had befallen Estelle Landry, the woman uttered a faint cry, and bowed her head on her hands; a few tears fell from her burning eyelids, and when Hester ceased speaking, she drearily said:

"You needn't threaten me now; I haven't the heart to try to bear up agin you. What is it I'm to do for my poor boy?—and what's to become o' me when he's let go?"

Again Hester drew forth the confession she had prepared, and said:

"You are to sign your name to this paper, for I am aware that you can write. In it you confess that you have purloined my diamonds, with the understanding between yourself and Mrs. Blake that she was to purchase you, your son and your niece, because your family had once belonged to her father, and also because your mother had exacted from her a promise to buy you and set you free, whenever she possessed the power to do so."

"It don't make no difference what I sign now; but what is to become o' me when Gaby's gone?"

"I shall send him north to regain the jewels for me, for I know he is to be trusted. The best I can do for you, to save you from imprisonment for life, will be to sell you to go into the interior of Texas. But before I do even that, you shall take an oath never to speak of these things to any living being."

The spirit of Zulieme seemed broken by what she had lately heard with reference to her young mistress; she felt as one suddenly crushed to the earth, and in her desolation she cared very little what became of herself. Her courage completely forsook her, and with a piteous wail she cried out:

"What good would it do to tell now? I'll swear anything—anything you want me to, if you'll only tell me where my child is, and let me go to her to take care of her, now she's out of her mind."

"But would you *keep* your oath, Zulieme?" asked Hester. "If I granted your prayer, would you really and truly keep faith with me, by refraining to hint even at the secret of Estelle Landry's identity?"

"I could, and I would," said the woman, a sudden gleam of something like hope lighting up her dark face. "If you'll let me go to her, and stay with her as long as she'll want me, I swear to you on this blessed cross"—and she drew one from her bosom—"that I will keep as silent as the dead about what you have done. If my poor darling can't understand the wrong that's been done her, why shouldn't I be willing to forget it?"

Hester reflected a few moments. She was most anxious to establish for herself, in Spencer's estimation, a character for liberality and kindness of heart. She knew that she could safely rely on the pledged word of this woman, and the thought occurred to her that it would be best for herself to win from Zulieme's gratitude the pledges which, if wrung from fear, might be broken when she was freed from the thrall in which she was at present held. If she made a voluntary promise, Hester felt certain that it would be kept. The result of her reflections was that she resolved to send Zulieme and Gabriel to New York; and having exacted a terrible oath from Zulieme, and obtained her signature to the confession, she was ready to depart when Herbert returned for her in the carriage.

On their way back to the house Hester refused to speak of what had passed between herself and the two captives. In reply to Spencer's eager inquiries, she would only say:

"Wait till we are with Marion, for you will be sure to condemn what I have done, and I shall need her to apologize for my weakness, and to sustain me in it."

Spencer made no reply to this, and when they entered the house Hester drew from her pocket the confession, and said:

"Show it to Marion, and discuss it while I go to my room and lie down a little while. After dinner I will tell you both what I have promised to do for those guilty ones, to save them from the consequences of their crime."

She passed on to her own apartment, and the husband and wife went into the parlor and sat down side by side on the sofa, to read the document so craftily prepared for the purpose of deceiving them.

It was brief, and run thus:

"I, Zulieme Ledru, confess that one evening, when I was sent by my mistress to her private cabinet to get out a bracelet she wished to wear, I stole then and there a casket which I knew contained the Laundry diamonds. I hid them under the floor of my cottage, hoping to find a chance to get away with them.

"None offered till I was sent to New Orleans with Mr. Spencer, and then I made my son Gabriel, who knew nothing of the theft, give the box in which I had placed them to a white deck hand on the boat, named Frantz Muntz, that I knew something of. He was to put it in the express office in the city, and send it to Mrs. Hagar Blake in New York to keep for me till I came on myself.

"Mrs. Blake knew nothing of the robbery either, and I only sent them to her because I knew she would do me a good turn, if she could without hurting herself. This is the whole truth about it, so help me God. ZULIEME LEDRU."

Beneath was written:

"I was the agent of my mother in disposing of the box, but I did not know what it contained.
"GABRIEL LEDRU—his + mark."

When they came to Mrs. Blake's name, both uttered a slight exclamation, but read on without comment till they reached the end. Before any comment could be made upon this singular document, Hester came through the half-open door, without her wrappings, which had been hastily thrown aside, and wearily and deprecatingly said:

"I know you will both blame me, but I may as well tell you at once that I have not only promised those people that I will not take any steps against them, but I have actually pledged my word that both shall have their freedom, and be sent north as soon as Herbert can get them set at liberty, and obtain a passage for them."

Marion impulsively exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so glad to hear this!"

But Spencer looked very grave, and silently awaited further explanation.

Hester said:

"I cannot pretend to give any connected account of my interview with Zulieme, for the poor creature was in such a state of excitement after I succeeded in wringing from her a confession of her guilt, that my heart bled for her. She has got the absurd notion fixed in her mind that I am Hester Blake, and she robbed me for the purpose of obtaining the means to seek for her true mistress. As her devotion to *me* misled her, after all, I felt that it would be shameful to be harsh with her. I was weak enough too, to suffer the old childish affection for her to surge up again and influence me. I remembered Zulieme's devotion to me when I was a helpless little creature, and I forgave her the wrong she has done me, and promised her freedom for herself and her son if she would swear to recover the diamonds and restore them to me."

"But, Estelle, what guarantee can you have that the woman will keep her word?" asked Spencer. "She has proved herself such an adept in falsehood that no trust can be placed in her, in my opinion."

"I do not agree with you. I consider her a monomaniac on one subject, but perfectly reliable in every other respect. I shrank from the thought of selling her away from her only child, and I—I—did the best thing I could think of to disabuse her mind of the delusion that has so misled her. I told her I would send her to Mrs. Blake, that she may satisfy herself that her daughter is still with her. I hope you do not think I was wrong, Herbert?"

She looked pleadingly in his face with her softest and most winning expression thrown into her large black eyes, and Spencer's lips relaxed into a faint smile, as he said:

"The whole proceeding seems to have been eminently feminine, and I cannot condemn the softness of heart which is the most beautiful attribute of your sex. Still, I fear that you are trusting too much to Zulieme's honor. However, I will carry out your wishes, so far as their execution depends on me, and will have these unfortunate people released and sent north as soon as possible."

"Then it is settled that I am to have my own way without being scolded," Hester replied, smiling; "and now I will go back to my room and lie down a few moments, for I am really tired out with what I have gone through to-day."

She left the apartment, and did not reappear till she was summoned for dinner.

When dinner was nearly over, Spencer reminded Hester of the necessity of ascertaining if the box containing the diamonds had been sent north through the express office, but she boldly declared:

"There is no necessity for that; for Zulieme gave me the receipt from the office, which Muntz sent to her by Gabriel. I do not wish any inquiry to be made there, because it would link Mrs. Blake's name with the robbery—a thing I wish especially to avoid, for the sake of her daughter. I have a strong feeling of tenderness in my heart for this double of mine, and for her sake I will do nothing to injure her mother."

Spencer combated this resolution in vain, but Hester gave so many specious reasons for her course of action that he was at length compelled to yield, though he thought her very quixotic to refuse to satisfy herself that the box had actually been sent. The receipt might have been forged, and the man have made way with the box, but Hester said it was printed in the usual form, and she had no doubt it was genuine.

When Spencer departed and left the two ladies together, Hester used all her arts to efface from Marion's mind the doubts which she intuitively felt had again clouded it. She was so far successful that the latter hated herself more intensely than ever for not being able to have implicit faith in the being who charmed her in spite of herself.

It was late when Spencer came back, but he had accomplished much in the interval of his absence. He had found a sailing vessel bound for New York, and had made an agreement with the captain to take charge of the two negroes till they reached that port. He had also notified in the proper quarter that the charge against Zulieme and her son had been withdrawn, and that Miss Landry wished them to be released as soon as the necessary formalities could be gone through with.

Hester thanked him sweetly, and the next day she went out alone and purchased a handsome bookcase, and ordered from the publishers the finest sets of Sir Walter Scott's works and those of Dickens which were to be found; as these were especial favorites of Spencer's, she felt certain that no present would be more acceptable to him. On her return she told Marion that she had been into the lower portion of the city to consult a distinguished French surgeon as to the condition of her shoulder; that she had been induced to prefer him to Dr. Pierre on account of some remarkable cures the newspapers stated that he had recently performed.

"I am afraid he is only a quack," said Marion, "and it would have been safer to consult a well-known physician. I am sorry you went to him, Estelle, and still sorrier that you need his services."

"Oh, I shall not need them long. He gave me an ointment which he declares will act like magic, though the place will leave a bad scar. Isn't it curious that my double is said to have one made by the bite of a rabid dog on the same shoulder?"

She looked keenly at Marion as she said this, but she was on guard, and determined not to betray the vague suspicions that still tormented her mind. She only said:

"Yes—it is a very singular coincidence," and Hester could gather nothing from her manner.

When everything was arranged for the departure of Zulieme and her son, Spencer went himself to the prison to announce to the woman that she was free, and anxious to see what the effect of the news would be. She received it at first passively, but soon burst into a passionate wail of sobs and cries which threatened to unfit her for removal on that day.

He was vexed and annoyed, and sternly said:

"It is fitting enough that you should weep over your own wrong-doing, Zulieme, but you must find some other time in which to shed the tears of repentance. Control yourself now, for if you wish to set out on your voyage you must go with me at once. I promised your mistress to take you to the ship myself, and I shall be glad when I have seen the last of one who has so basely slandered so noble-hearted a being as Estelle Landry has proved herself in her course toward you."

Zulieme swallowed her tears, and strangled her sobs at these words. She humbly said:

"I ought to feel grateful to you, sir, and I'll try not to give you more trouble than I can help. If I was as bad as you think me, Mr. Spencer, I wouldn't be crying this day when I ought to be laughing and rejoicing that I'm took out o' the house o' bondage. Oh, sir, you don't know—"

"There—that will do. I know that by your own confession you are a thief. You are also a slanderer of one who is heaping coals of fire on your head by showing unmerited kindness toward you. I cannot forget the dreadful charges you brought against Miss Landry—you who should have defended her as you would your own child. Why did you attempt to make my wife believe her other than she is? And what object had you to gain in attempting to poison the minds of her nearest friends against her? Such baseness is unpardonable."

The next day Spencer had the captives set free, the charge against them having been withdrawn by Miss Landry; and that same night the *Eagle*, a ship bound for New York, dropped down the stream on her way to her destination, having on board the two who believed they were on their way to a new life: Zulieme comparatively happy in the thought that she was going to make herself useful to one she loved; Gabriel dreaming of Zelma, and the chances of winning the means to purchase her freedom in the land to which they were bound, for they had not been told that Zelma had preceded them to the north.

Neither one of them dreamed of the welcome preparing for them on their arrival in New York.

When Hester knew that Zulieme was safely out of the way, her spirits rose, and she made herself very charming to her entertainers. The morning after the *Eagle* sailed, she said to Marion:

"Ray is coming, and he insisted in his last letter that I shall be ready to give him my hand the day after he arrives. After our long and cruel separation I can refuse him nothing, so I must be prepared for a speedy bridal when the conquering hero makes his appearance. Will you go with me, dear, to select robes fitting for the occasion?"

Marion willingly consented, and a magnificent bridal costume was ordered—a robe of point lace over satin, and a vail of the same costly material. The other articles of an expensive trousseau were ordered from the same house, and were to be sent after her to Le Bocage.

A week passed away very delightfully, for Hester put aside every fear, believing that fate itself was playing into her hands, and Spencer and his wife began almost to forget that they had ever cherished any doubts concerning their fascinating guest.

On the evening before her departure for Le Bocage a telegram came from Raymond De Lorme, who had landed safely in Boston, and would set out the same day toward the bourne he was so anxious to reach. In ten days at farthest he might be expected, and Hester declared she must return home at once to await his arrival there.

She would have exacted a promise from Spencer and Marion to come up to her wedding, but he declared that it was simply impossible for him to go, as he had already lost as much time from his business as he could afford, and Marion refused to leave him. Hester seemed disappointed, but she said, with a smile:

"I shall see you soon again, at any rate, for I shall insist that Ray shall take me at once to Europe, and complete his tour in my company."

The next morning Hester took leave of Spencer and his wife, and set out for the plantation under the care of Victor Malone, who had been spending a few days in New Orleans. As they rounded out from the city, the two were standing on the guard together, and he said:

"I hope that we shall be more fortunate than the poor old *Greenwood* was. Have you seen the account of her loss, Miss Landry? Steamboat accidents are becoming so common that it makes one nervous to travel on them."

The name struck her, for it was that of the boat on which Macon had taken his departure with poor little Zelma. She changed color, as she replied:

"I have not seen any account of it. Pray tell me all the particulars, for a friend of mine who visited Le Bocage not two weeks since, went away on that very boat."

"The account is in the morning papers, and the calamity was a fearful one. I am sorry to hear that any one you are interested in was on board, for the passengers were nearly all lost. But the particulars are in the paper here."

Hester snatched the paper, and glanced down the paragraph headed, "Steam-boat disaster." When she saw the name of Dr. Macon among the doomed passengers, her heart gave one great bound of exultation, and had she dared, she could have cried aloud, "Eureka! the stake I have played for is won."

But Hester was never unmindful of the proprieties, and she dropped her heavy crape vail over her face to conceal its expression from her companion.

When she could speak calmly, she said:

"It is dreadful—dreadful! I regret Dr. Macon's death, for he was very good to me when I was in need of kindness; but that does not touch me as nearly as the fate of poor little Zelma. She wished to be free, and she has the widest freedom now, poor child. I believe I will go to my room for a time, Mr. Malone, for this news has overcome me a little."

He took her to the door of her state-room, and Hester locked it as soon as she entered, though there was no fear of intrusion. She threw off her bonnet, and buried her face in the pillow to stifle the wild laughter that came to her lips, and then she wept hysterically.

She certainly was not weeping over Macon's fate, nor did she give a regret to that of his companion; she was simply excited beyond all bounds at the certainty that now she was free to walk on the path she had chosen, with no one to molest her, or make her afraid.

When she at length grew calmer, her red lip curled with triumph as she muttered:

"*Now* Ray is mine—*mine*, and I can daily exult over that haughty mother of his, and laugh in my sleeve to think that Hagar Blake's daughter is the wife of her cherished son. My destiny is assured by this catastrophe, and I think I will turn pagan, and erect an altar to Fate, for it has befriended me at every turn."

Late in the evening Hester was landed at Le Bocage, and she found Miss Lyman and Clarice there to welcome her, for she had written to apprise them of the day of her return.

Hester exhibited Zulieme's pretended confession to Miss Lyman, and told her of what had been done with the accused, giving her own plausible coloring to the narration; and she retired that night with the pleasant conviction that all danger had been tided over, and henceforth her bark of life would glide in smooth waters, little dreaming that a terrible storm of retribution was even then gathering to burst upon her head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—He who combats his own evil passions and desires, enters into the severest battle of life; and if he combats successfully, obtains the greatest victory.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE WORD DARLING.

BY WILLIAM ROBB WALLACE.

"My darling, come all by me closely, for I
Needs must watch at your head and the light of your eye,
While together our hearts sweet communing will make,
As the dad waves that mingle their joy on a lake.

Go to his betrothed one he whispered that night:
In the bible word "darling" what beauty and might!
In it might other can more by a mortal be found!
It is the Lord's sacred name—it is God's own sound!

Nor alone from the wedded, or those to be wed,
Should this word, full of meaning, be ever unsaid;
During father or mother, her fond ear it touches!
During brother or sister, what home scenes it evokes!

During friends—yes, the word is for them cherished too,
And Humanity's paths with some roses bestrew;
Whether said, sadly mourning, or with joy in its tone,
Darling!
That would otherwise offer but dark bowls of brine.

During child—O, what tenderness dwells in the word,
When it is from the lips of the proud parent heard!
And the parent, how steals through the heart and the frame,
As from Heaven itself, an angelical flame!

Ever blessed be the word with its Eden of love!
Ever blessed be the lips that pronounce it above!
Where no hatred is spoken it never can bane!
But Affection floats on such a fragrance of sound!

BORROWING A GIRL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I suppose you never had any housekeeping trouble, Mrs. Marble," said her friend Mrs. Brown, newly married, and newly introduced to the possible depth of kitchen woes. "You know so much about everything, that I suppose it don't make much difference to you how the cook goes away or not."

"It isn't so hard to get through with a disaster, my dear, when you have to do it once," said Mrs. Jason was a time when I was as ignorant of housekeeping affairs as a kitten. Theodore was twenty-one and I seventeen when we were married. I had never even seen anything cooked, for I had lost my mother in infancy, and had been actually brought up at a fashionable boarding-school; and our whole reliance was placed upon our excellent servant, Dinah, who had lived in the household for me, who had been hired as an intelligence office. In New York by a neutral friend the day before we set up housekeeping. It was a good way out of town, but trains ran constantly, and our friends came over every afternoon to tea or dinner. I always told Dinah to get something nice, and she always did, and pretty bills we had to pay certainly, sometimes; but Theodore was a rich merchant, and we said long afterward.

"I poured the tea, and Theo. helped the dishes, and our girl and friends were delighted with the 'cunning little home,' and declared they should marry as soon as possible, for the sake of having one like it. And we sang and chatted in the most pleasant walks, and enjoyed our company very much; and Dinah was in the kitchen all the while.

"But that was a very different matter to me from having Theo.'s aunts come to see us. They had both been good to my father in marrying so young, and Aunt Martha had chosen a certain Miss Stubbs for his partner, who was very much provoked that he had not chosen her also. But still they had made up their minds to be reconciled at last, and had sent word that they would come to dine with us on Thursday.

"Father always saw us every day, and when Theodore said, as he kissed me good-bye before running to catch the train, 'Tell Anne to have a very nice supper,' I felt that a heavy responsibility rested upon me at last. Apart from the fact that I was very fond of my aunts, and that Mrs. Theodore's reputation rests from Miss Martha Dicks, his mother's sister, who was a very conceited old maiden lady, who crossed very sharply, and was worth ever so many hundred thousands. And his father's sister, Mrs. Agatha Dwight, though a very extraordinary person, was a woman of great intelligence, and was considered, and a good deal of influence, and was an important friend. I had never seen either of them, though I had Aunt Agatha's photograph, and an old black 'profile' of Aunt Martha.

"I'm so glad it isn't a dinner, I said to myself, 'for it always is a scary meal, and the china and table linen are unexceptionable, and I'll have a nice tea, and Dinah can get down stairs I want to consult. She is only servant of the establishment, who, to my consternation, demanded her wages her month being up, and took her departure, because the house was so overrun with company, leaving me with all the work of the house on my hands, for I had never had to do it, and provided for tea.

"Dinah was the worst baker or confectioner in the world to be found, so pastry and cold preserves or canned fruit, not a dainty to be purchased. Everything must be made by the housekeeper, or her assistants; and I, alas! from a fashionable boarding-school, knew nothing about cooking. I had never even seen it done.

"I sat down to comfort myself by crying, and was succeeding magnificently, when a good-natured voice at my ear cried:

"'Dear me! what's the matter?'

"I looked up. There stood my good-natured fat neighbor, Mrs. Willis, who often ran in for a chat, or to borrow a paper. Her cozy face was a pleasant thing to look at just then, and I told her my dismal story.

"'That's the worst of living here, boxed away from any kind of stores,' said Mrs. Willis. 'Now, if this was New York, I'd run in to an intelligence office and get you some kind of a cook in two hours. As it is, let's see. Why, I guess I can let you have my Minny this afternoon. She's the best cook in the house, can cook, but don't let her and your husband get to talking politics, or she'll put you dishes into the bargain; but she can cook, and that's your present bother. I'll send her over at twelve o'clock. She can get your dinner with me, and you can bring her home with you. I shall have any company this afternoon, or if I have I can manage.'

"'Oh, you are too kind, Mrs. Willis,' said I.

"'So I do so much for my self,' said she, 'that I can afford to be generous and take pot-luck with me at twelve,' and off she went.

Greatly relieved, I swept, dusted, rubbed and polished my glasses and my silver, combed my finest napkins, and laid out my best table-cloth. And feel and weary, went over to my neighbor's house, glad enough to rest and eat my dinner.

"Now, I'll wear once, Minny,' was my greeting. 'Minny' said Mrs. Willis, 'I'm going to lend you to Mrs. Marble this afternoon, and you are to cook things for tea for her, do you hear me, Miss? She's going to have some very grand company, indeed—very rich ladies—and she'll die of shame if things ain't cooked as well as possible.'

"Mrs. Willis winked at me over Minny's head.

"So mind; don't disgrace us all, and yourself too, by spoiling things.'

"'No'm,' said Minny. 'If it's possible, I'll please de lady. I'll try my best. If she give me de things, I'll cook 'em like my white folks always had to, or any way she give directions.'

"'That with a long drawl, and much shaking of the head.

"'Very well, you'll do very nicely,' I said. 'And I'm very much obliged to Mrs. Willis, and to you too.'

Last away I went, followed by my new assistant.

We had hardly got to work when tinkle, tinkle went the bell.

"'Oh,' said I, 'I have to run and dress. You open the door, Minny.'

"'Yes, ma'am,' said Minny.

And as I sped before my glass, looking despairingly at the hair which failed to crimp, because of heat and perspiration, she brought me Mrs. Dwight's card.

"'Only our lady?' said I.

"'Mighty fine elegant lady?' said Minny.

"'I guess she is,' said Minny solemnly. "I declare to goodness I never saw such a fine bunnet and shawl in all my born days. Dey's filled full of gold.'

"'Good heavens!' said I.

"'I's just holdin' dat ar glass dish, dis ere minute, when she come in, and I 'clar to goodness I'd dot nuzzer ten to see how much gold was on dem things. I 'spect dey's loaded to fringes, ma'am, and dat shawl's jest a-trailin' on de floor, a sarvent. I don't take sponsibility. I jes tell you white folks for ourselves. Shall I bring on um? Shall I dish 'em? Leaves it to you.'

"'Good gracious!' said I. 'Can't you get the glass out still?'

"'Kin try,' said Minny.

"'Dah 'um, then,' I said, in desperation. 'Dah 'um, and bring the tea.'

"I made a few hasty touches to my hair, only a little stranger, to be sure that it was time to receive my guest, and then I went out in time to see Theo. shake hands with Aunt Agatha.

"I'm sorry not to see Aunt Martha,' he said. 'Where is she, Agatha?'

"'Kitty,' he whispered, "I think your dress is somewhat too low.'

I brushed to the glass. I think the most self-possessed of readers will pity me when they hear that on the occasion of my first introduction to my husband's fashionable aunt I had, in the hurry and anxiety of the moment, tucked all the back breadths of my overskirt into the back of my basque, and buttoned it up there.

"'I'm so relieved,' said Aunt Dwight faintly, as I pulled it down. 'I've been wondering if I had the courage to tell you about it myself.'

"Tea is ready, Missy,' said Minny, at the door.

I led the way to the dining-room. On the table stood the feast. It did not look so very badly. I filled the cups.

"'The bread isn't good,' said Theo.

"'The bread, Minny,' said I.

"'Yes, ma'am,' said Minny solemnly. "I 'clar to goodness I never saw such bread afore. I 'spect de yeast was bad, or de sifting de flour on dem nasty, beastly bugs make 'em light.'

"'Glass in the preserves?' cried Theo.

"'Isn't the tea rather strong?' I asked, to change the subject.

"'It has tanned my tongue,' said Aunt Agatha, and puckered her mouth into the tackle.

"'Missy,' said Minny, 'kin I go now? You don't want me?'

"'No more, no, Minny,' said I.

"'And 'fore I goes I'll just mention,' said Minny, 'Speck she'll come and say I sassed her. When I was going for butter, dat comes to dat ar table, I 'spect she'll make fresh. Says she:

"'Missy Marble live here?'

"'Says I, 'She do.'

"'Says she, 'Is she in?'

"'Says I, 'I don't tendence. She's got company—real dust-claes white folks. No time for you.' Says she, 'Is she married?'

"'And I jest shuts the gate; and says she: 'Yes, she is.'

"'Minny, you go home,' said I.

"'And how I guess I'll just mention,' said Minny. 'Speck she'll come and say I sassed her. When I was going for butter, dat comes to dat ar table and rid of white trash. Says she:

"'Missy Marble live here?'

"'Says I, 'She do.'

"'Says she, 'Is she in?'

"'Says I, 'I don't tendence. She's got company—real dust-claes white folks. No time for you.' Says she, 'Is she married?'

"'And I jest shuts the gate; and says she:—'

"'Minny, you go home,' said I, with a resolute countenance. In my misery I acted better than I knew, for I had not the least idea of what was to be done next. But I must get rid of her to prepare my self. Now I did, when the time is done at last, and I can't help it. I'll have to get her back, but I don't know that she is more than she comes out with the full expectation of my taking her. I'm sorry to lose her, and I can't say that I am not afraid that she may tell tales of me to Mrs. Willis, but I want to act and I want the young woman to go. You are a white man, Mr. Minny, and a great wrong toward the young woman in asking for her. I am sorry to lose you, but I must do it. Under the circumstances, we are neither of us fit to keep your engagement, and even then we apprehend that you will be disappointed in your hopes.'

H. H., Shelbyville) says: "I would like to ask a small favor of you, namely, I am connected with an association in this city, and as a member of the same a notice is laid advertising Tuesday evening next, for the purpose of discussing the best way of having the money for the Centennial. Now, in consideration of the notice, so as to make it prayer-meeting evening, and as I am a member of the Christian church, and of course, taking as my ground as written from the Constitution, which says, 'The Bible is sufficient for a rule of faith and practice,' and the members generally, providing that they have not been prejudiced in writing as a previous meeting,' I will be pleased to have you to write me a letter, and give it out from the office. Now, I would, and think, that a notice to encourage is always in order, provided that it is not prejudiced in writing as a notice, which will be found in the Constitution, and will be only a Christian young man to hold that which is good and right, and hold fast to that which is good and right, and hold fast to that which is good and right, and hold fast to